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EXCURSION
OF THE
PUTNAM PHALANX
TO

BOSTON, CHARLESTOWN AND PROVIDENCE,

OCTOBER 4TH, 5TH, 6TH AND 7TH,

IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1859.




HARTFORD, CONN:
PUBLISHED BY THE PHALANX.
1859.

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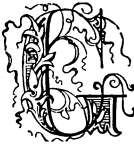
HE Putnam Phalanx, desirous of putting in permanent form a Complete Record of their recent Excursion to Boston, Charlestown and Providence, confided the task of its preparation for publication to one who is not a member of their Organization. With him the labor has been one of careful collation and of furnishing such thread of narrative as was necessary to connect the various Addresses and more important Incidents of the Excursion, which were extensively reported in the Journals of the day. In a publication emanating from the Phalanx, it has seemed proper to avoid particular comment upon the performances of individuals, and generally to omit the enthusiastic encomiums of the press which were lavished upon the prominent members of the Organization. It is but simply just that the entire credit of these journeyings, and of the brilliant series of receptions, should be attributed to the Battalion as a body—not forgetting those courteous and hospitable friends in the Cities visited, whose unwearied efforts and attentions contributed so largely to the success, as well as pleasure of the Excursion.

Care has been taken to obtain revised copies of the Addresses from the various Speakers. The thanks of the Putnam Phalanx are respectfully and cordially tendered to Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, for the beautiful poem on *General Putnam*, and to George H. Clark, Esq., for the exquisite lines upon the affecting incident at Moosup—both of which were kindly furnished expressly for this publication.

R.

Hartford, November, 1859.

GENERAL PUTNAM.



REAT Soul, and brave, 'tis good to think of thee,
And with a filial reverence raise the veil
From patriot valor, that ne'er fought of Fame
Her clarion-payment.

See we not again,
The unfinished furrow, the forsaken home,
The flying steed, urg'd by thy sleepless heart
That throb'd indignant o'er a smother'd sound,—
The cry of *Lexington*?

That echoed cry
Rous'd a young nation from its lingering sleep
To rush against the force of tyrant power,
Time-consecrated, and with sling and stone
Defy the giant.

Bunker Hill records
Thy stern o'er mastery of the battle-storm,
The deep memorial of thy dauntless deeds
That bore the spirit of a trampled land,
Through this red preface of her liberty.

Hark!—from the heaving of yon burial sods
Where sleep our Country's champions, comes a voice
Demanding for thy name its just reward
Too long withheld.—Of History it demands
That lingering truth should light her lettered scroll,
And summons tardy man to set thy fame
In sculptured marble, that recording stars
May read it clearly from their silver thrones,
And lisping children from its tablet learn
What patriot virtue means.

L. H. S.

EXCURSION.



At a Special Meeting of the Putnam Phalanx, held at their Armory on the evening of September 18th, it was unanimously resolved that the Phalanx as a body should make a Pilgrimage to Bunker Hill, and a brief visit to Boston, Charlestown and Providence. *Quarter-Master* Strong proceeded to those places to make the necessary arrangements, and at a subsequent meeting, the 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th days of October were selected as the time for the proposed Excursion. After due consideration, the Phalanx decided to invite but two persons to accompany them as Guests of the Battalion, viz: his Excellency Governor Buckingham, and ex-Governor Seymour, of Connecticut. To the great regret of the Organization, the Secretary received the following letters, respectfully declining the invitation:

FROM GOVERNOR BUCKINGHAM.

STATE OF CONNECTICUT, }
Executive Department. }

Norwich, September 30th, 1859.

J. M. SEXTON, ESQ.,

Sec. Putnam Phalanx,

Dear Sir: I have the pleasure of acknowledging your favor of the 28th inst., conveying the invitation of the Putnam Phalanx to be their guest during an Excursion to Boston and Providence, and beg you to assure that distinguished body that it would give me great

pleasure to be with them a portion of the time; but an engagement in Philadelphia on the 4th, 5th and 6th of Oct. must deprive me of such high gratification. You will also assure them that I highly appreciate the honor of such an invitation and that their sentiments of regard as expressed by you are cordially reciprocated.

I am with great respect your obedient servant,

WM. A. BUCKINGHAM.

FROM EX-GOV. SEYMOUR.

Hartford, Oct. 3d, 1859.

Dear Sir: I am in the receipt of your esteemed favor of the 28th *ult.*, inviting me, in behalf of the Putnam Phalanx, to become their guest on their contemplated Excursion to Bunker Hill. In reply, I regret to state that circumstances will prevent me from having that honor. Several engagements of an unavoidable kind requiring my presence in Hartford, or New York, during the time the Phalanx will necessarily occupy on their way to and from Boston, Bunker Hill, and the other places they will visit, forbid the pleasure of accepting their friendly invitation.

The unanimous vote of the Phalanx making me their guest for the coming Excursion, adds another to the deep obligations I am under to your Honorable Association, and calls for a renewal of my grateful acknowledgments, which, I beg you will have the goodness of presenting to the Battalion, in my behalf.

Hoping the most favorable circumstances will attend your footsteps to the *Holy places*, and bring you all safely back to us, where a hearty welcome will await you, I have the honor to be your faithful fellow-citizen and very obedient servant,

THO. H. SEYMOUR.

HORACE GOODWIN, Esq.,
Major Com't Putnam Phalanx.

THE DEPARTURE.

On the morning of Tuesday, October 4th, the Phalanx assembled in full force and uniform at their Armory, and shortly after eleven o'clock, marched to the Station, under command of *Major Com't Goodwin*, and accompanied by their Drum Band. The following is the Muster-Roll of the Battalion:

OFFICERS OF THE PUTNAM PHALANX.

HORACE GOODWIN, *Major Commandant*.

Gen. Lloyd E. Baldwin acting *Adjutant* for the Excursion, by appointment of the *Major Commandant*.

STAFF OFFICERS.

Joseph D. Williams, *Adjutant*; Eugene B. Strong, *Quarter-Master*; James B. Crosby, *Pay-Master*; Benning Mann, *Commissary*; Henry C. Deming, *Assistant Commissary*; I. W. Stuart, *Judge Advocate*; Asher Moore, *Chaplain*; Thomas Miner, *Surgeon*; D. P. Francis, *Assistant Surgeon*; William Itham, *Sergeant-Major*; Charles T. Martin, *Quarter-Master Sergeant*; Julius M. Sexton, *Secretary*.

OFFICERS OF FIRST COMPANY.

Allyn S. Stillman, *Captain*; James B. Shultas, *1st Lieut.*; T. M. Allyn, *2d Lieut.*; Allyn Goodwin, *Ensign*; Geo. W. Hayden, *1st Serg't*; C. C. Burt, *2d Serg't*; S. E. Marsh, *3d Serg't*; Samuel Alexander, *4th Serg't*; H. S. Larkum, *1st Corp'l*; Edmund Hurlburt, *2d Corp'l*; H. L. Brown, *3d Corp'l*; L. M. Bacon, *4th Corp'l*.

OFFICERS OF SECOND COMPANY.

Alexander M. Gordon, *Captain*; O. D. Seymour, *1st Lieut.*; J. H. Ashmead, *2d Lieut.*; Wm. J. Denflow, *Ensign*; Edward Norton, *1st Serg't*; J. L. Wilder, *2d Serg't*; J. M. Greenleaf, *3d Serg't*; N. G. Hinckley, *4th Serg't*; J. H. Williams, *1st Corp'l*; T. C. Allyn, *2d Corp'l*; F. A. Cary, *3d Corp'l*; John T. Fenn, *4th Corp'l*.

OTIS SMITH, *Standard Bearer.*

COLOR GUARD.—A. W. Birge, Hez. Huntington, H. L. Miller, Chas. B. Smith, Col. Sam'l Colt, E. D. Tiffany, C. C. Stetson.

PRIVATES.

N. R. Alford, J. H. Auftin, Geo. Burnham, Albert Barrows, Wm. H. Bradley, H. B. Beach, Henry Bolles, Horace Billings, J. C. Bartlett, A. W. Birge, Hiram Bissell, John H. Brainard, Leverett Brainard, Lloyd E. Baldwin, E. J. Baffett, Wm. N. Bowers, L. M. Beaumont, C. M. Bidwell, W. F. J. Boardman, S. S. Bolles, A. L. Cooley, A. E. Clapp, E. W. Clark, D. C. Cornish, Sam'l Colt, A. Chichester, Julius Catlin, Caleb Clapp, W. P. Chamberlin, W. R. Chapman, Moses Cook, John L. Cook, A. L. Cady, S. D. Crane, H. W. Conklin, Wm. M. Charter, Jos. Davis, Wm. H. Dobie, H. D. Downing, O. M. Drake, Gaylord Dowd, Wm. J. Denflow, Jr., A. D. Eufon, Oliver Ellsworth, Frederick Ellsworth, Irad Edwards, J. M. Farnham, Wm. Frazier, John I. Farwell, Walter Fox, Amos Fowler, E. G. Francis, J. B. Green, J. T. Gorton, John M. Grosz, Edward Goodman, C. H. Goodman, F. L. Gleason, A. C. Griswold, Francis Gowdey, W. R. Hopkins, W. C. Higley, W. H. Henderfon, Sam'l Hubbard, D. L. Hayden, M. O. Hills, Chester Hebard, Hezekiah Huntington, John S. Huffey, H. D. Hastings, E. P. Harrington, H. P. Hubbard, H. Sidney Hayden, Thos. R. Haskell, A. P. Jordan, Pliny Jewell, Jr., E. N. Kellogg, Hawley Kellogg, Henry Kennedy, S. B. Kendall, F. T. Lucas, W. B. Leonard, Jas. Loomis, 2d., Marinus Lord, James Lockwood, Geo. Marth, J. H. Mott, Rob't McCristie, H. L. Miller, D. A. Mills, Jas. T. Pratt, Dan'l B. Phelps, Chas. Parsons, Guy R. Phelps, R. R. Phelps, L. F. Parish, Jos. Pratt, Oliver Parish, A. P. Pitkin, L. K. Parsons, Dan'l Potter, R. P. Pratt, Daniel Phillips, Rawson Read, Horatio Root, E. M. Roberts, Wm. S. Ramsey, H. B. Rhodes, J. M. Riggs, J. T. Roberts, W. K. Ranney, Gurdon Robbins, Jr., John G. Root, Timothy Sheldon, C. C. Stetson, J. H. Sharp, Otis Smith, Francis Swan, Macon Smith, Chas. B. Smith, Geo. G. Sill, Milo Shepardson, Elifha Smith, Wm. H. Seymour, Stiles D. Sperry, James Spencer, J. K. Southmayd, Alvin Squires, William Tuller, E. B. Thomas, E. D. Tiffany, S. S. Thompson, Geo. C. Wafburn, Geo. L. Way, J. W. Weeks, R. R. White, V. W. Whiting, Horace Waters, Everett Wilcox, W. F.

Whittlesey, H. W. Wright, J. K. Wheeler, Wm. J. Whipple, S. A. White, Wm. Wright, C. C. Waite, H. L. Whiting.

HONORARY MEMBERS.

A. E. Burr, Thos. Belknap, F. A. Brown, J. Watfon Beach, Geo. Brinley, Putnam Brinley, E. H. Brinley, Newton Carter, Geo. H. Clark, Ezra Clark, Jr., H. K. Carter, J. W. Danforth, Lorenzo Daniels, S. A. Ensign, Wm. P. Fay, Horace Freeman, Jas. M. Goodwin, E. T. Goodrich, Wm. Jas. Hamerfley, Chas. I. Hills, W. M. B. Hartley, Henry Keeney, W. H. Kelsey, E. T. Lobdell, Geo. S. Lincoln, Charles Lincoln, Uriah Litchfield, J. M. B. McNary, Geo. W. Moore, C. H. Northam, Solomon Porter, Timothy Porter, L. F. Robinson, L. Rowell, Benj. D. Rockwell, D. A. Rood, Burrall Sage, Wm. B. Smith, Sam'l G. Savage, Thos. H. Seymour, Sam'l L. Talcott, E. B. Watkinson, Sam'l Woodruff, A. A. Williams, E. W. Williams, Henry Williams, Wm. L. Wood.

VOLUNTEERS FOR THE EXCURSION.

W. S. Roberts, *ex-Capt. Hartford Light Guard*; Geo. S. Burnham, *Col. 1st Reg. Conn. Militia*; *ex-Major* A. E. Birge; Geo. A. Burnham, *ex-Capt. Seymour Light Artillery*; Julius L. Rathbun; H. D. Tarbell; G. Stillman; A. H. Benjamin; H. Ensworth, *Adjutant 1st Reg. Conn. Militia*; F. P. Lepard.

DRUM BAND.

H. T. Chapin, Nathan L. Robinson, J. M. Perry, Almon H. Bruce, S. G. Wilcox, D. H. Wilcox, L. C. Miner, Rob't Moseley, Thos. M. Perkins, James Stone.

CAMP ATTENDANTS.

Henry Hector, J. F. Rodney, J. L. Cambridge.

The Phalanx never appeared in better drill and discipline, nor attracted more attention at any of their previous parades than on their march to the Station. At this point, a large Crowd was assembled to witness their departure. Three of the passenger and two of the baggage cars of the long train were specially appropriated

to the Battalion and were completely filled. The train started at the regular hour, and as the cars left the Station, cheer after cheer rose from the Crowd of friends whose warmest wishes for the complete success of the Excursion and safe return of the Battalion accompanied them. At Windfor Locks, a gun saluted the passing train; at Springfield, the Depot was thronged with people anxious to see the Phalanx; at Worcester, and all along the route at every Station, the Phalanx was greeted with throngs of appreciative spectators — happy auguries of the Reception that awaited them at Boston.

THE ARRIVAL AT BOSTON.

The train by which the Phalanx was to arrive was due at the Worcester Depot at half past four o'clock, and at that hour the station and adjoining streets were thronged with people. The train, however, was so heavily loaded that it did not arrive till twelve minutes past five. The rear cars which contained the Battalion were immediately surrounded by an enthusiastic crowd, anxious to catch the first sight of the Corps which came out from the Depot on Kneeland street, amid the booming of cannon fired by the Light Artillery Company, *Capt. O. F. Nims*, and marched from there in single file to Lincoln street, on the south side of Kneeland, where they formed as a Battalion, and marched to Beach street, in front of the United States Hotel, where they were greeted with continuous cheers, and where the Mayor and numerous Municipal officers and citizens were in waiting to tender a formal Reception and Welcome. Much credit is due to the admirable and efficient arrangements of the Boston Police, by means of which

the space in front of the Hotel was kept open for the evolutions of the Phalanx. When the Battalion was drawn up in line, Mayor Lincoln, accompanied by the City Officers and others, appeared upon the steps of the Hotel and was introduced to the Corps by Oliver Ellsworth, Esq.,—formerly of Hartford and now a resident of Boston—a member of the Phalanx. The Mayor was received with a salute by the Drum Band—the Battalion presenting arms; after which his Honor welcomed the Putnam Phalanx to Boston in the following address:

MAYOR LINCOLN'S WELCOME.

Mr. Commander:—It affords me great satisfaction to welcome you and the Battalion under your command to the City of Boston. Our citizens are often gratified with the visits of military friends from other Cities or States of the Union, but it is many years since we were honored by the presence of a Corps from the good State of Connecticut or the City of Hartford. I welcome you in my official capacity as Mayor of the City, and on one account I wish we were assembled at our City Hall, for I could point you to a spot which has associations as dear to you, Natives of Connecticut, as it is to us, Sons of Massachusetts. From the windows of our City Hall we look into the most ancient of our burial places; within its sacred enclosure is a tomb where rest the remains of a Father and Son. The Father was the first Governor of Massachusetts Bay, the son held a similar position in your own infant Colony. While we boast with pride of the virtues and services of the elder Winthrop, you render a similar tribute to the younger. Together their ashes are mingled in the common dust.

The union and community of interest, thus symbolized in our early Chief Magistrates, has always existed between the people of our respective Commonwealths. Together they stood, shoulder to shoulder, when we were feeble Colonies, in the struggles with the Indian Tribes in the Old French War, and in the glorious Revolutionary contest, which achieved the Independence of the Nation.

You appear to us to-day, not only as Sons of Connecticut, but in

the military costume of the Revolutionary era. In your dress and martial bearing, you would remind us of the peerless Washington and the Fathers of the Republic. You recall to our memories the Patriots who defended their country in the time of peril, and left us the priceless inheritance which we now enjoy.

To designate your Corps, you have taken the name and inscribed on your banner that noble Revolutionary Hero, who, like the Roman Cincinnatus, left his plow in the field to hasten to the relief of his struggling Countrymen. With the brave, he was the bravest, for it was said of Putnam that "he dared to lead where any dared to follow."

Representing as you do, gentlemen, by your peculiar Organization, the Revolutionary period, we bid you welcome to the scenes of its earliest conflicts. The part the old Town of Boston took in that Contest makes one of the most important pages in its History. You come as Pilgrims to its Holy Shrines; may you find that the Descendants are worthy of their Sires, and that the Principles of Liberty here promulgated by the Fathers, are still held dear by their Sons.

Your Charter Oak has fallen to the ground. A similar fate may await our Faneuil Hall, and it may crumble to the earth; but the principles which gave them their glory shall never die, but shall continue unimpaired through the march of Ages and the progress of Time.

Again I unite with the Citizens of Boston here assembled, and give you a most cordial greeting and welcome.

Major Goodwin then introduced *Judge Advocate Stuart*, who responded to the Mayor's welcome in the following words:

RESPONSE OF JUDGE ADVOCATE STUART.

Your Honor Mayor Lincoln:—For the present manifestation of your courtesy, for the kind and eloquent words of welcome with which you, Sir, have greeted the Putnam Phalanx, they return you their heartfelt thanks. We come hither, organized, as your Honor perceives, as a peculiar Corps, to seek in your City, and in its precincts, peculiar enjoyment. We come as a Battalion organized, not only for the purpose of commemorating that early Past to which you

have so eloquently referred, but also, and more especially, to aid in invigorating the glorious memories of that Revolution in which Boston played so conspicuous and leading a part—to which not only your City, but Massachusetts all, Connecticut, New England all, more than any other portion of our common Country, devoted, without flint, their blood and their treasure—and which, through each one of its magnificent results, comes knocking daily for gratitude at the heart of every inhabitant of this Union.

We seek, Sir, the shrines of an Otis, a Thacher, a Hancock, a Quincy, an Adams, a Warren, a Prescott,—of all those noble Patriots and gallant men who here led the van of opposition to Great Britain, when that mighty Monarchy commenced her career of aggression upon her American Colonies, and began to launch against them the thunderbolts of war.

Not, Sir, that we forget that mighty Past which preceded the American Revolution, to which you have so impressively referred. We do not. We honor and revere the upright and accomplished Governor John Winthrop, the Father of the Massachusetts Colony, as he is justly termed, and we lay special claim to the renown of John Winthrop, his son, and of John Fitz Winthrop, his grandson, Governors both of them, as they were, of old Connecticut.

But the Revolutionary Past of Boston—that is what now more immediately concerns our Phalanx. The City over which you preside, Sir—we know it—it is familiar truth, the world knows it by heart—*was* emphatically the cradle of American Liberty. Here, we are aware, glowed the first watchfires, and blazed from your hills the first beacon lights that summoned America to arms. Here, in venerable Faneuil Hall and in your old State House were poured forth the first indignant strains of eloquence and fiery resolves, which, after the Peace of Paris, greeted with grave scorn and stern menaces of resistance the opening tyranny of our Motherland. And here, too, within hail of your memorable City—at Lexington, at Concord, at Bunker Hill—was shed the earliest blood of the Revolution—seed-blood, as it proved to be, of the most gigantic, perilous, and triumphant struggle for Liberty that the World has ever seen.

We of this Phalanx, Sir, therefore feel—under the view I now suggest—that we stand in this City upon consecrated ground—ground consecrated by the love and labors not only of those noble Patriots to whom I have already referred, but also of many more, who here led

that Revolution which it is our special object to commemorate. We would look, therefore, upon the localities distinguished by their zeal and services. We would gaze upon the spot where stood that memorable tree whose Genius, though invisible, is said to have always found pens, and ink, and paper, and a host of witnesses, for every patriotic compact of your Boston Sons of Liberty.

We would look, yet once again, upon your world-renowned Cradle of Liberty—old Faneuil Hall. We would gaze upon the spot where the daring Patriots of Boston gave ocean-burial to the pestilential teas. And, especially, we would make our pilgrimage to Bunker Hill—from that hallowed spot to catch fresh inspiration for our Patriotism, and there to renew vows of devotion to our beloved Country.

These, Sir, are the main purposes of our visit to Boston—these, and the interchange of pleasant conversation and courtesies with any who may desire to hold communion with us.

To the thousand stirring memories which meet and greet us here in this City, we of this Phalanx—with becoming modesty I say it—can add a rich Revolutionary store of our own; for we bring with us from old Connecticut the memories of a Trumbull—that immortal “Rebel” Governor of his day, and of a Sherman, an Ellsworth, a Williams, a Dyer—of that gallant Putnam, to whom your Honor has so eloquently referred—of a Hale, a Knowlton, a Spencer, a Douglass, and of thirty-one thousand nine hundred and thirty-one of her Sons, whom, in the times that tried men’s souls, Connecticut devoted to the battle-fields of their Country.

That we may pleasantly mingle these our Revolutionary associations with those of historic Boston, and of the old Bay State, is, Sir, the hearty hope of the Putnam Phalanx.

Mr. Stuart’s speech was frequently interrupted with hearty outbursts of applause, and at the close the Speaker and the Phalanx were loudly cheered.

The line was then re-formed, and the Battalion marched to the Armory of the Second Battalion of Infantry, in Boylston Hall, where they deposited their guns and partook of the well known hospitality of the Infantry. *Major C. O. Rogers* briefly welcomed the Phalanx to the City.

The Second Battalion had ornamented the front of their Armory with some splendid decorations. In front was an illuminated portrait of Washington, over which was the inscription "1776—Union—1859." Below was the name "Washington," between two stars. Several lines were stretched across Washington street, on which were suspended flags, and streamers, and from a point near the building two lines depended, with Chinese lanterns attached. (These formed a splendid illumination in the evening.) After some time spent in pleasant intercourse and mutual introductions, the Phalanx returned to their Quarters at the United States Hotel, partook of supper and devoted the evening to receiving their friends and entertaining new acquaintances. A portion of the Phalanx, by invitation of *Commander Rogers*, visited the Armory of the Second Battalion of Infantry again in the evening. On their arrival the Drill-Master of the Battalion being present, the Infantry Officers proposed to gratify their Guests by an exhibition of the Zouave drill. In ten minutes time, about thirty Infantrymen were present in uniform and went through with the drill with admirable precision and rapidity of movement. Not satisfied with this courtesy, the Officers insisted upon a visit to the "Captain's Office" adjoining the Armory. Here there was a renewal of the hospitalities for which the Infantry are so famous. *Major Rogers* again expressed his gratification at the visit of the Phalanx. *Capt. Gordon* announced that the command of the members of the Second Company devolved *pro tempore* upon *Second Lieutenant Ashmead*, who accordingly responded briefly. He thanked the Officers of the Second Infantry for this unexpected and

additional pleasure of the evening. The members of the Phalanx present, he remarked, were delighted with the beautiful drill they had just witnessed and warmly appreciated the courtesies of their Hosts, who had been unremitting in their attentions to the Phalanx during their visit. After an hour or more of social intercourse and an examination of the pictures and relics in this beautiful Armory, the visitors returned to their Headquarters for the night.

THE VISIT TO CHARLESTOWN AND BUNKER HILL.

Shortly after nine o'clock on Wednesday morning, the Charlestown City Guards, numbering 54 guns, accompanied by the Brigade Band, left their Armory and marched to the Tremont street Mall of the Common, where a halt was made. A committee was then sent to the Armory of the Second Battalion, where the Phalanx were under arms, and escorted them to the Common, where they were received by the Guards with the customary military salutes. Immediately after, the line of march was taken up, and the Guards with their guests proceeded through Tremont, Court, Green and Causeway streets to Charlestown. An open carriage drawn by a beautiful span of grey horses contained the *Commissary*, *Assistant Commissary* and *Judge Advocate*, and after the battalion had proceeded some distance the *Major Commandant* also took a seat in it, but resumed his command at Charlestown. The entire line of march from Boston to the Monument grounds was thronged on both sides with spectators, every window seemed filled with smiling faces of fair ones who waved their welcomes, and as the Phalanx marched along, throughout

the entire line there was most vociferous applause. The enthusiasm along the route of march was positively unbounded, and testified not only to the popular approbation of the military bearing of the Corps, but also to the Patriotic sympathies and associations which its *tout ensemble* inspired. The Phalanx reached the Monument grounds at eleven o'clock. For an hour or more before their arrival the grounds were thronged with a large concourse of Citizens from Charlestown and Boston, a goodly portion being ladies. Among the distinguished gentlemen present were *Commodore* Armstrong, *Capt.* Hudson (Commander of the Navy Yard,) *Hon.* Richard Frothingham, Jr., *Hon.* George Washington Warren, *Adj. Gen.* Stone, and several members of the City Government of Charlestown.

After marching around the Monument the Companies halted on the north-east side of the shaft, where a square was formed.

Captain Boyd, of the City Guard, then introduced His Honor *Mayor* Dana of Charlestown, who proceeded to speak as follows:

[In accordance with a vote of the Phalanx, the Secretary wrote to *Mayor* Dana for a revised copy of his speech of welcome, which he sent accompanied by a note in which he says: "The occasion was one of much interest to our Citizens and will mark an era in our History. I assure you that we appreciate the honor you have paid to our City, in your patriotic pilgrimage to the shrine of Bunker Hill. The opportunity of making so many pleasant acquaintances, we regard as among the most happy features of the day. We shall watch the history of your Association with much interest; and shall not doubt that it will accomplish the objects and

purposes so happily alluded to by one of your distinguished associates.”]

MAYOR DANA’S WELCOME.

Mr. Commander, Officers and Members of the Putnam Phalanx:
In behalf of the Municipal Authorities and of our Citizens, it gives me great pleasure to welcome you to this Monumental City, and this hallowed spot—the soil of Bunker Hill.

We are proud to welcome to our City a noble body of men so largely representing the intelligence, the moral worth, the professional, commercial, mercantile, manufacturing, mechanical, and industrial interests of our sister State—the good old State of Connecticut—the land of a People proud in the pursuit and fruits of honest industry, and more proud of the Great Deeds of their Sires in those Colonial struggles which tried their souls almost as much as that great and final Struggle which secured to you and to us the uncounted Political blessings we enjoy. We respect the pride which you feel as sons of a State which nearly one hundred years before the war of our Revolution, taking a bold and noble stand above her Sister Colonies, scorned and defied the edicts of an unprincipled, cruel and tyrannical ruler, and by the hands of the intrepid Wadsworth rescued from the minions of the King her ancient Charter, and secured it in that noble Oak, whose fame will live while a descendant of Wyllys remains to mark the Spot where it stood. Sir, you do not come up to this consecrated Pile as strangers. Your Fathers came up here on the 17th of June, 1775, and side by side with our Fathers, fought that great Battle, the direct result of which was the Independence of the Colonies and the Liberty of the Nation. As our Fathers on that great Day welcomed your Fathers, so do we, the sons of Massachusetts, on this auspicious Day, now welcome you, the sons of Connecticut, to this sacred Spot. Here, standing at the base of that noble Shaft, which commemorates the valor and the deeds of your Ancestry and of ours, let us vow, as our Fathers did, to stand by and protect each other, against foreign foes, or traitors at home, and let us rejoice that we have that great instrument, our Constitution, our common Shield, which it is our privilege to support and maintain. You come to us, sir, under a name ever hallowed, ever venerated. If New Hampshire sent her Stark, and Massachusetts her WARREN and her PRESCOTT, Connecticut sent her great Captain, whose name you

bear, PUTNAM, the Hero of two wars—the man who feared God and loved his country. Where, if not on this Hill, shall the memory of Putnam be held in reverence? Who more than he shared the generous confidence of Washington—who, more than He, inspired and encouraged the hearts of the Army? Who, more than he—and let me say it with all respect to the memory of all the noble Heroes of that great day—contributed to the successful result of the Battle of Bunker Hill? While Massachusetts claims the honor of his birth-place, his name and reputation are safe in the keeping of his adopted State. Look around you, Sir, and behold yonder hills where stood the Redoubt which quite encircled our sister City. Much of this was built under the direction of your great Captain, who commanded the centre division of the Army, which was stationed near Washington's headquarters. Look upon the Barrell Farm, where stands Cobble Hill, upon which was the fortification built by Gen. Putnam. Look here upon this Hill, the scene of his labors through the eventful Night of the 16th of June. Here stands a part of the Fortification which he with his own hands assisted in constructing on that same night. On that corner of this Square he uttered those memorable words, "Wait till you see the whites of their eyes. Take aim at their waistbands!" In your ranks, we are told, runs the blood of Putnam and those other Heroes who served under or with him. Their memories are a rich Legacy to be possessed by you.

The *Major Commandant* introduced *Assistant Commissary* Deming, who responded to the Mayor's welcome, as follows:

ASSISTANT COMMISSARY DEMING'S SPEECH AT BUNKER HILL.

Mr. Mayor, Officers of the City Government and Citizens of Charlestown: The Battalion which has intruded upon your hospitality this morning is composed, as your Honor has intimated, of persons in every walk of life. Though essentially Military, and conforming to the rules which generally govern a Military Corps, and ready on any emergency to arm for the common defense and general welfare, it has other aims, not incompatible, I think, with its martial character. We aim to perpetuate by such significant memorials as its Dress, its Name, its Music, and its Drill, an important part of the Historic ante-

cedents of old Connecticut. For a name, we go back to that Warrior-born, who, for so long a period, inspired and marshaled the warlike energies of the State. Our Dress we have ventured to pattern exactly after that costume (still preserved in the Patent Office at Washington,) which was worn by the Father of his Country; we march only to Revolutionary music; and our drill is, essentially, the same which the Baron Steuben taught the Connecticut levies in the Camps of the Revolution—the same, too, I believe, which was displayed when Burgoyne surrendered his haughty sword—the same, I know, under which our distressed Platoons tracked with their bloody feet the snows of Valley Forge—the same which carried the formidable battlements of Stony Point, and which was fatal to Cornwallis and his myrmidons at Yorktown's closing fight. Before our Organization was complete, before, certainly, we could boast of any perfection in our drill, we resolved on a Pilgrimage of Patriotism to this Holy Mount which witnessed the magnificent opening of the Revolutionary drama. As on the memorable 17th of June our Fathers and yours stood here, shoulder to shoulder, intensely fraternized by a common peril, it is fitting and proper, as you have intimated, Mr. Mayor, that upon the same Spot their Sons should fraternize in common joy, at a common deliverance and a joint inheritance redeemed. You have been pleased, Sir, to call our attention to the fortified eminences which encircle this spot, to Ploughed Hill, Winter Hill, and Prospect Hill where the morning after the engagement *Col. DANIEL PUTNAM* found his father engaged in throwing up another Redoubt and Breastwork in the pathway of the dispirited foe. But we wish, Mr. Mayor, to be made more familiar with the field upon which we stand. The topography of this spot has been so changed by the march of improvement, that we who have studied it from books alone, find difficulty in discovering the precise points of this large expanse consecrated by the courage and the blood of the Connecticut Detachments. Here, if I am correctly informed, on the site of this towering Obelisk was the Redoubt which first partitioned off this hallowed Spot from common earth and gave it to History, and there, parallel with its eastern face, stretched off a hundred yards towards the north the famous Breastwork. But our Connecticut eyes, Mr. Mayor, search with more eagerness for the Fences stuffed with hay that covered the large area, between the termination of the Breastwork and the banks of the Mystic, where *KNOWLTON* and *CLARK* and *KEYS* and *CLEVELAND* and our brave Three

Hundred stood, and GROSVENOR was wounded, and whose stout resistance saved the party in the Redoubt from instantaneous extermination and covered its retreat when the powder here was exhausted. We seek that Golgotha, on the summit of Bunker Hill over which *Capt. CHESTER* advanced, with his Company, towards the close of the engagement; we seek for the Valley of the Shadow of Death into which *Lieut. WEBB* descended, "and had no more thought of ever rising the hill again, than of ascending to heaven as Elijah did, soul and body together." We seek the terrible Neck enfiladed by the enemy's frigates, where passed backward and forward our heroic Leader bearing the trembling Reinforcements over it on the wings of his ever replenished courage. It is to these points, Mr. Mayor, accepting those kind proffers of information which you have tendered, that our attention would be turned, that we may tread silently, slowly, and reverently there as among the Graves of our Household.

We are happy to be met, Mr. Mayor, by the Chief Executive of the City that guards the Shrine of our pilgrimage, with such cordial words of welcome and profuse proffers of hospitality; for both, I am directed by our Major Commandant, to offer our most grateful acknowledgments, and in return, to tender to the city of Charlestown our best wishes for its continued prosperity, and, that the foot of a foreign invader may never again defecrate its soil, and last but not least, to wish for yourself personally, Sir, both in your public walks and private relations, as Magistrate and Man, every felicity.

I was introduced to you, Sir, as the Commissary of the Phalanx, and the duty of Commissary, according to Steuben tactics, is to furnish supplies to the body: the Judge Advocate is Commissary to the Soul; and I should hardly have ventured to step out of my department into his, were it not to relieve him, temporarily, of the onerous duties in his peculiar line still impending over him to-day. We have also immediate use for his eloquent tongue. Before we left Hartford it was expected that he would improve the occasion while we stood on this suggestive Earth, to refreshen our Patriotism by some of those words of his, "that bear the spirit of great deeds winged to the Future." You will, therefore, pardon me, Mr. Mayor, if I anticipate any farther ceremonies which may await us here, by now introducing to you and the audience Judge Advocate Stuart, who will address his Companions in arms.

JUDGE ADVOCATE STUART'S ADDRESS AT BUNKER HILL.

Major-Commandant, and Officers and Soldiers of the Putnam Phalanx.—We stand upon that ever-memorable Spot, where, at the outbreak of the American Revolution, in the first battle-twilight of a new star dawning upon American hopes, fifteen hundred of the raw Yeomanry of our land, with a coolness and precision of aim that are almost unexampled,—twice, with their deadly fire of small arms, precipitated a veteran British force of twice their number, in disorder and affright, with more than One Thousand of their dead and wounded left upon the Field of Strife, back to their landing-place upon Moreton's Point! We stand upon the very ground which these gallant Yeomen left their hold upon only when their failing ammunition compelled the step, and when their Redoubt was half-filled with the troops of the foe—troops whom, even though environed by them, they clubbed with their muskets, as still undismayed—unconquered, though retiring—and agonized only by the thought of their want of powder to continue the strife, they moved sternly away.

How startling, Gentlemen, must have been the Scene—as we cannot but recall it here—aye, majestic and tremendous,—with its blaze of more than five hundred buildings in Charlestown, the tall steeple of the Meeting-House in their midst itself forming a lofty Pyramid of flame—with all this added to the continual blaze and roar of Artillery! Scene too painfully touching from the attendant loss of the pure, the brave, the accomplished, the high-souled WARREN! Scene, however, to us of this Phalanx, source also of pride; for here—conspicuous in every part of the Engagement, pervading and goading every part of it with his own ever-daring spirit—was the Hero whose name we bear,—the exhaustless, indomitable PUTNAM! And with him, from the State from which we come, were Captain KNOWLTON and Major DURKEE. With him were Captain CHESTER, and Captain CLARK, and Captain COIT. With him were Lieutenants DANA, GROSVENOR, and WEBB. With him was Ensign, afterwards General HENRY CHAMPION, the nobly patriotic Grandfather of our own equally patriotic Assistant Commissary DEMING. With him were SMITH and LOVEJOY, the two Grandfathers, on the paternal and maternal side, of him the stalwart and patriotic Standard-Bearer of this our battalion; and BILLINGS and HIBBARD, the two paternal and maternal Grandparents, also, of our Sergeant BILLINGS; and HIDE, the brave ancestor of our Private,

SHARP; and KEYES, and CLEVELAND, and KEMP, and BASSETT, and BINGHAM, and other gallant spirits, many in number, from old Connecticut:—here they were, side by side and shoulder to shoulder, with intrepid Soldiery from Massachusetts and intrepid Soldiery from New-Hampshire, devoting themselves, one and all, with patriotic fury to the bloody strife.

Unfortunate though the result of this Battle, under one aspect—that of the enforced retreat—yet under another and loftier view, the Result was most propitious. For—for the first time—it taught America her strength when opposed in arms to the mighty Monarchy of England. It inoculated and fired her Spirit with confidence. It lured to the future Fight. It wiped off forever that reproach of timidity which had been flung upon her Troops. It taught British soldiers to respect, awe and to dread her martial Ability—at least behind entrenchments; and it taught British Commanders-in-chief, and the haughty Cabinet of England, that military conflagrations would not answer in the New World.

The battle of Quebec—one far less destructive of human life than that of Bunker Hill—gave to Great Britain the whole region of the St. Lawrence. That upon this spot lost to Great Britain a Territory worth a dozen Canadas—lost to her Thirteen Colonies of proportions that were colossal, and of capacities that have proved magnificent. For the Contest waged upon the little arena here, developed a spirit of Patriotism so pure—so ardent—so fearless—so inflexible—so energetic—so irrepressible—that it was sure to burn on by force of its own quenchless elemental Fire, until it had burned all tyranny off from the field of struggling America—until its own ethereal Light had chafed from our new trans-Atlantic expanse every shadow even of vassalage to any potentate on Earth—and left it bathed in the full effulgence of Life, Liberty, and Independence.

In that Effulgence we this day stand—and upon the very Altar where the Light which formed it was first kindled. Just mark it, then, for an instant, Soldiers—and you, if you please, the Spectators of this scene, whose attentive interest is most grateful to our Corps—mark that Effulgence of which I speak, from this Standpoint—as it appears in the prosperity of our country since the time when the blood of the earliest Martyrs to the Revolution was here shed.

Behold our Population risen from three to near thirty millions—our Towns and Cities, from comparatively a few, to those which are

numberless! Witness the magic conversion of the Ohio and Missouri solitudes to civilized Homes—while far beyond—threading the thousand devious arms of the Mississippi—ascending the broad declivities of the Rocky Mountains—climbing tortuous crags—winding through treacherous canons—and ploughing terrific snows—fearless Emigrants have pushed on to listen to the savage whoop on the banks of the Columbia, and the Sacramento, and to found and rear Institutions and Temples, to Liberty and to God, within sound of the breaking billow on the very shore of the Pacific! Everywhere almost over our land, listen to the elastic steam—hear the tramp of the Iron Horse! Behold upon almost all our waters the white sail! Mark Science and Art—Invention and Industry—Knowledge and Education—everywhere almost diffused! Mark, in short, a National Happiness, which, under all its aspects, is more profound than that of any other People on the face of the Earth—and which spreads, over and around us—from sea to sea—a sun-illumined atmosphere, in which we all may chant the undying Songs and Alleluias of the Free!

To such a height of greatness has the Spirit of Patriotism—which displayed itself upon this Spot—in June, 1775—exalted our country. A Spirit, therefore, it was, it is obvious, of no common mould—no mere, naked, uninformed natural impulse—but it was an impulse seasoned by Knowledge—it was enlightened by Foresight. It comprehended a rich and vast throng of associations derived from a long experience of Civilization. It understood clearly the danger to all the civil, social, and domestic relations of the Colonies involved in the tyrannous claims of England. It knew well the inexhaustible resources of the New World—and foresaw its rising greatness in the sunshine of Peace. And it therefore toiled at the battle of Bunker Hill—not alone for the America of the Revolution—but for the America of all time. It fought that fight in order that the People whom it inspired might not only gloriously vindicate their own fundamental Rights, but plant for Posterity, as well as for themselves—set beyond even the tornado's power—that Tree of Liberty whose is the golden fruitage of a National Civilization, Happiness, and Glory, which, it was hoped, would endure Forever.

To a spirit of Patriotism thus pure—thus heroic—thus enlightened—here upon this Spot, its early home—its blood-stained Altar, but not, thank God, its Grave—here then let us all bend in reverence, as to the Mecca of our Civil Faith—our Tutelary Shrine—the tryft-

ing-place of our Republican love—here let us bend, and from its inspiration drink deep draughts!

Calling to us from the bones of those Patriots who here immolated their lives—pointing to us with a finger blazing as of sapphire from their Tombs—this Spirit bids us love the Land that gave us birth. The Laws that protect you, it says—the Institutions which form you—the Customs you obey—the Habits in which you take comfort—the Home Histories, and dear Traditions, and Legends, in which you rejoice—*these are your Country.*

The Skies you see above you—that Earth you gaze upon beneath—those sweet spots upon its surface, especially, where you drew the first luscious breath of life, and were hushed by the soft-flowing lullabies of Home—the Waters that cover that natal Earth—the living things that dwell upon it—the sustenance it yields—the fruits with which it abounds—the Songs with which it is vocal—*these are your Country.*

The Villages, the Towns, the Cities you inhabit—the family loves you cherish—the pious devotions to which you cling—the social ties you bind—the anxieties you indulge—the sorrows you feel—the hopes you warm into life—the Good Deeds you perform, and those accomplished by your fellows—the Good Names you establish, and those established around you—*these are your Country.*

Your Country it is that wrapped its folds around you when first you saw the light. With its loving folds it has encircled you ever since—and it will enshroud you gently with them when you die.

Make your Country, then, the idol of your heart,—Cherish it in your heart of hearts. Should it acquire new honors, glory in them. Should it receive wounds—which Heaven forefend—approach them as you would the wounds of a Parent—"with pious awe, and trembling solicitude," and tenderest ministrations. Die for your Country, should peril ever require the sacrifice!

Thus, Soldiers of the Phalanx—thus does the Spirit of Patriotism appeal to us from this hallowed Spot. Pray God, we may all respond to the appeal! Pray God, the shadows of the Patriots who here offered up their lives may float ever through our Households! Allying ourselves ever closely to them—"the boldest and most noble Men of Progress that the World has ever seen"—may we ally *them*, through us, to Generations yet to come—ourselves, in the sublime language of that immortal Man who here inaugurated the rudimental

Corner-Stone of this proud Monument, "being but links in that great chain of being which beginning with the origin of our Race, runs onward through its successive Generations, binding together the Past, the Present, and the Future, and terminating at last, with the consummation of all things Earthly, at the Throne of God!"

The Chaplain of the Battalion, *Rev. Asher Moore*, then offered the following solemn and impressive

PRAYER.

God of our Fathers! Ruler among the Nations! And Judge of all the Earth! We reverently bow before Thee at this sacred Shrine of our Country's Liberty, devoutly thanking Thee for the inestimable blessings that have come to us through the toils and treasures and blood of the incorruptible Patriots who secured to us the priceless gift of National Independence!

Here, Almighty God, may we gratefully call to our remembrance the valorous Deeds of our revered Fathers, who resolutely confronted the foes of Liberty in the day of trial, and nobly "jeopardized their lives unto the Death in the high places of the Field!" Here may our Patriotism receive fresh Inspiration! Here may unborn Generations come in Pilgrim troops to offer a Nation's gratitude to the Giver of all blessings! And here may the hearts of our Children be cemented in that *Union* which made our Fathers strong in the day of dreadful deeds!

Lord, bless our common Country! Preserve us from divisions and strife. Let Peace rest upon our Land, and Prosperity abound throughout all our borders. Forgive us our sins. And with us bless all the Nations of the Earth, through Jesus Christ, our Lord! *Amen.*

Mayor Dana then introduced the *Hon. George Washington Warren*, who, as President of the Monument Association, welcomed the Phalanx to Bunker Hill.

Hon. Richard Frothingham, Jr., ex-Mayor of Charlestown, introduced by *Mayor Dana*, commenced by remarking on the surpassing interest of the scene, and its suggestive character—suggestive of the time when Con-

necticut and Massachusetts stood together. To show the spirit of Connecticut then, an incident was related of the times of the Port Bill, when Boston and Charlestown felt heavy the hand of power. No Colony was more prompt to send material aid, and accompany it with solemn pledges, than Connecticut; and one case was instanced where Putnam brought on a drove of sheep, and with them a letter addressed to Boston, having his Signature. It reads that the men of Connecticut meant first to attempt to appease the fire of a vindictive Ministry by the blood of rams and of lambs, and if this did not answer, they were ready to march in the Van and sprinkle American altars with their hearts' blood, if it were necessary. That was the spirit of the brave old Hero who signed this letter, and the spirit of Knowlton, and Chester, and Webb, and Durkee, and all the gallant Men who here made good the pledge.

The special duty assigned the Connecticut Forces in the Bunker Hill action was then particularly described, and having delineated the main Positions at about two o'clock in the afternoon, and the work then going on, the reason was stated why the Connecticut Forces were ordered out from the Redoubt to prevent this position being surrounded; the location of the Rail Fence which they commenced and Starks men completed, and the gallant and vital Service rendered here, were dwelt upon; and then the spot, Bunker Hill, was pointed to where, on the retreat, Putnam so heroically tried to rally the men anew. In concluding, the sentiment was expressed that sister States of so glorious a renown as Connecticut and Massachusetts could have no other rivalry than rivalry in the Works of Progress that adorn Society,—in Edu-

cation, Commerce, Industry—in the determination to protect and defend the priceless Inheritance of Liberty won by the struggles and blood of such Ancestry as fought at Bunker Hill. This Address was warmly applauded throughout.

The exercises at the Monument occupied about two hours.

Immediately after Mr. Frothingham's remarks the City Guard escorted the Phalanx to the Guard's Armory, where a bountiful Collation was served, to which ample justice was done—while *Mayor* Dana also entertained the Battalion and a large number of invited guests, in a sumptuous manner, at his residence, in Monument square, and Mr. Frothingham received at his residence the Officers and Staff. At these places brief Speeches were made by *Mayor* Dana, *ex-Mayor* Frothingham, *Commissary* Deming, *Past Commander* Pierce of the Charlestown City Guard, and others. At half-past one o'clock the line was re-formed on Winthrop street, and marched to the Charlestown Navy Yard.

VISIT TO THE NAVY YARD.

On their arrival at the Charlestown Navy Yard, the Phalanx were received, on entering the gates, by a Detachment of sixty Marines under the command of *Lieutenant* Reynolds, who were drawn up in open order and presented arms as the Battalion passed through. The Battalion was also honored with a National Salute of thirty-one guns. These matters are note-worthy, since the Phalanx is the first Military Organization which was ever received at the Navy Yard with similar honors—indeed, the first that was ever permitted to

march in bearing arms. Passing the Marines, the Phalanx was drawn up before Head-Quarters where they were received by *Capt. Hudson*, Commandant of the station, and other Naval Officers. *Capt. Hudson* welcomed the Phalanx briefly as follows:

Major Commandant and Members of the Putnam Phalanx: I welcome you to the Navy Yard, and should be most happy to show you whatever of interest may be upon the premises. I am no speech-maker—only a plain Sailor; but when I see a body of Soldiers dressed in the uniform of the venerated Washington, it touches me with an emotion that it is difficult adequately to express. The present generation can scarcely imagine the sufferings of their Fathers in that Revolutionary struggle; they battled as it were with the halter around their necks; they suffered, and we now enjoy the Fruits of their Labors. But it is not my intention to make a speech; I will only repeat to you, *Major Commandant and Soldiers*, my cordial welcome to the Charlestown Navy Yard.

Judge Advocate Stuart, on being introduced by the *Major Commandant* of the Phalanx, responded as follows:

Commodore Hudson:—For the cordial manner in which you welcome the Putnam Phalanx to this Navy Yard, I return you, in behalf of its Members, their heartfelt thanks. You very modestly announce yourself as no Speech-maker—as only “a plain Sailor”—unhabituated to the fluent language of formal oratory. Sir, in my judgment, you have just now made one of the happiest of all Speeches, for you have uttered to us, who, mostly, are strangers to these premises, sweet Words of Welcome, that are warm from a Sailor’s generous heart—a heart, proverbially, open as the broad expanse of Sea.

And, Sir, we of this Phalanx, shall take great pleasure in accepting your kind invitation to view the Spot which you so ably superintend, and which, as we glance over it from our Stand-point here, bears unequivocal marks of intelligent Care, and contains striking and grateful evidences of the Strength and Greatness of our Country’s Naval Power.

We from Connecticut take especial pride in this Naval Power, and in the spectacle of it here. For, *Commodore*, within the waters of

our State—in the capacious and beautiful harbor of our own City of New London—was fitted out the very first Naval Squadron of the United States that ever sailed under the flag of our Common Country. That little Squadron consisted of the *Alfred*, the *Columbus*, the *Andrea Doria*, and the *Cabot*, varying in armament from fourteen to sixteen guns. Governor Trumbull, Senior—that “rebel” Governor of our State, of world-wide fame—was the zealous and effective Patriot who, chiefly, aided to fit it out—and when made ready, it sailed, in 1776, from the waters of New London harbor upon the first Naval Expedition ever made under the authority of Congress.

Yes, worthy *Commodore*—and into the waters of this harbor again, it brought back the First-fruits of our first Revolutionary struggle upon the Great Deep—and these Fruits, thank Heaven, triumphant ones! For *Admiral* Esck Hopkins, its Commander-in-chief, sailed with his new and infant Squadron to the Island of Abacco, lying near New Providence, in the West India seas. And there he captured the *Governor* of this Island, and its *Deputy Governor*, and one of its *Councillors*, and seventy other British subjects—together with forty cannon, and fifteen brass mortars, and a British schooner, and a Bermudian sloop—and to these Prizes adding, on his passage home, a British bomb brig laden with arms, which he took near the end of Long Island, he sailed triumphantly back, as I have just suggested, into that harbor of Connecticut from which he started. And those cannon to which I refer, and that captured sloop, were at once, with the consent and approbation of Congress, applied by our ceaselessly enterprising *Governor* to the Naval Service specially of Connecticut, and generally of our whole Country.

Deep indeed then, and grateful, is the interest which this Phalanx feels in the present flourishing condition of this extensive National Maritime Depot. It has grown up from a Navy which had its birth, and whose infancy was nursed, in our own old Connecticut—and whose manhood—in that Second War which sealed the triumphs and the independence of the First—was adorned by a son of Connecticut in whom you, Sir, and all of us, take just pride—the Hero of *Old Ironsides*, *Commodore* Hull.

What a contrast does this Yard now present to the aspect which marked it years ago! When the startling Fight took place upon that memorable, overlooking Height which we have just visited, it was trodden by the foot of War, and strewn with the carcases of the slain.

A rough, wild spot it was then, bordered with unfightly marshes, and with not a trace of tillage. Now it is a level, embellished, solid area, with every adaptation that skill can contrive for a magnificent Naval Depot. Its appearance, in every respect, Commodore, reflects the highest credit upon your superintending care, and assures us all that the glorious Flag which waves above it will never, in hands such as your own, receive anything but additional Lustre.

And now, Sir, thanking you again, heartily, for your kind reception, and for the honors and privileges you accord, our Battalion will march, as you desire, around this Yard, and then take its leave.

At the conclusion of *Judge Advocate* Stuart's response to *Capt. Hudson*, the *Phalanx* visited the various objects of interest in the Navy Yard. On leaving, the *Phalanx* were again saluted by the Marines. On their return to Boston at 3 o'clock, the Battalion passed through State street, which was literally crowded with people, and the appearance of the *Phalanx* was the signal for loud and long continued applause. From State street they proceeded direct to Summer street, to the residence of *Hon. Edward Everett*, in front of which they halted, and were drawn up in order. Mr. Everett was received by the Battalion with a military salute, after which *Capt. Boyd* introduced Mr. Everett to *Major Goodwin*, and the Commandant introduced Mr. Everett to the Battalion. Mr. Everett then spoke as follows:

ADDRESS OF MR. EVERETT.

Mr. Commander and Gentlemen of the Putnam Phalanx:—I beg you to accept my grateful acknowledgments for the honor of this Salute. A compliment of this kind, usually paid only to those in high Office, or marked out as acceptants of the public favor, must be considered a very distinguished attention, by a person like myself, wholly withdrawn from Public Life.

I do not, however, require a personal honor of this kind, to lead me to share the gratification which your visit affords to our Commu-

nity. The character of the Company has gone before you. Conspicuous as individuals among the substantial Citizens of Hartford, you cannot but command respect as Members of this, for many reasons, remarkable Corps. You have already received ample assurance that I do but echo the general sentiment, in bidding you cordially Welcome to Boston.

The friends of the Militia system are gratified that it is receiving the countenance,—that it is strengthened by the participation,—of Citizens like those who compose the Putnam Phalanx. That system was long ago pronounced by John Adams one of the four pillars of the prosperity of New England. In the opinion of that eminent and sagacious Statesman and Patriot, the Volunteer Militia was entitled to be placed by the side of the Church, the School-house, and the Municipal Organizations of New England, as one of the main elements of the public Welfare and Safety.

Our fathers relied upon the Militia as a substitute for Standing Armies, which they considered as dangerous to the Liberties of the People. So great was the aversion entertained to a large standing Military Force in time of Peace, that, in the Federal Convention, it was proposed as an article of the Constitution that there never should be a standing Army of more than five thousand men. After this proposition had been debated for some time, General Washington rose, and great anxiety was felt to know what view would be taken by him of this proposal to place a Constitutional limit to the Standing Military Force of the Country. He simply moved an amendment to the article, adding the further provision that no invading Army should ever exceed three thousand.

Gentlemen, I hope and believe that a long time will elapse before the foil of the Union will be trod by an invading Army, great or small; few things, I think, are less likely to happen. Should such an event ever take place, I need not say that the main reliance of the Country for its protection and defence will not be on a standing Army. To withdraw from Commerce, Agriculture, and Manufactures, a sufficient number of men to station at every accessible point in our vast Territory a standing Military Force competent to face the enormous Armies of Europe, is manifestly impossible. Our defensive establishment on land will, for a long time, as now, consist of a moderate regular Force: a body of well trained Officers, reared at an admirable Military School; an ample supply of arms placed in the hands of the

People; fortifications at the vulnerable points, and then this all-pervading net-work of railroads by which, in twenty-four hours, a hundred thousand of the Citizen Soldiery of the Country can be assembled at the point of danger.

Mr. Commander and Gentlemen, I anticipate no such Crisis; but if, among the possibilities of the Future, it should arise, the spirit which animates your Corps, pervading the mass of our Fellow-citizens, will prove itself equal to any emergency.

You come among us under circumstances which bespeak a hearty Welcome. You have adopted the old Continental Organization. Your uniform is that which Washington wore; your music is the simple drum and fife—no other was heard at Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill. Your name is one which Massachusetts, to the latest generation, will delight to honor—that of the yeoman Soldier, who never looked back but once after putting his hand to the plow, and that was when he left it in the furrow, at the tidings of Lexington and Concord. You share, I doubt not, his spirit, and in the hour of danger would imitate his example.

But other duties, other calls await you. Again tendering you, *Mr. Commander and Gentlemen*, my cordial thanks for this distinguished honor, and wishing you a safe return to your Homes, I bid you a respectful Farewell.

In reply to Mr. Everett's address, which was warmly applauded, *Judge Advocate Stuart*, in behalf of the Phalanx, responded as follows:

Hon. Mr. Everett: The Battalion now before you, from Hartford, Connecticut, known as the Putnam Phalanx, in testimony of its respect for you, Sir, as one of the most distinguished Sons of America, calls to give you greeting—and for the cordial manner, and eloquent, instructive remarks, with which you have received us, it returns its heartfelt thanks.

We are organized for the purpose of aiding to revive and strengthen those glorious Memories of the Revolution to which you, Sir, especially through your signal portraiture of the Father of his Country, have consecrated a liberal share of your time and your genius. By wearing, as we do, the military dress of the Revolutionary times—

and this Dress modeled with exactness from that of Washington himself, which is preserved in the Capitol of our country—by an adoption, in good part, of the tactics which prevailed in Washington's Army—through the Drum and Fife as the sole instruments of Music—and by other conformities to usages in the Times that tried Men's Souls—it is our aim to stimulate a patriotic respect for that great Revolution which made us free, and to awaken love and admiration for the Heroes who achieved it.

At the head of these Heroes—"First in Peace"—to use phrases of familiar but ever endeared characterization—"First in Peace, first in War, and first in the hearts of his fellow Countrymen,"—stands that immortal Man whose character and conduct you have yourself portrayed with masterly discrimination, with loving tenderness, and in colors of light. In a spirit of true Patriotism, with sagacious foresight, and with lofty zeal, you have magnanimously devoted this Delineation to the noble purpose of preserving entire and inviolate—for a Nation's veneration, for all time—the Home and the Tomb of Washington. For this end your labors have been unwearied. They have extended over a large part of the Union. Crowded audiences have hung upon your lips; their purse, if not lavish, has been generous towards your object; you have added many thousands of dollars to the sacred Mount Vernon Fund.

For this, Sir, you have a Nation's thanks. For this, the Ladies of our Land outpour their gratitude, and Men echo your praise. For this, Posterity will rise up and call you "Blessed!" And for this, the Putnam Phalanx—on this special occasion—here at the door of your own dwelling—desires to express its grateful acknowledgments. It is our ardent wish and hope that your future Labors in the same direction, should they be continued, may be crowned with eminent Success; that you may long live to behold the Home of the Father of his Country possessed, adorned, and perpetuated as Public Property, and be gratified by the spectacle of fresh devotion, roused, the whole country through, to his Memory, and to the Memories of all our Revolutionary Sires.

It is our ardent wish, in your own sublimely expressive language upon another occasion, that all "the grand Sympathies of Country, and that mystic tissue of Race, woven far back in the dark chambers of the Past, which, after the vicissitudes and migrations of Centuries, wraps up Great Nations in its broad mantle, and those significant expressions,

Forefather, Parent, Child, Posterity, Native Land, which carry volumes of meaning in a word"—it is our hope that all these may teach us—and teach our Countrymen everywhere—"not blindly to worship, but duly to honor the Past; to study the lessons of Experience; to scan the high Counsels of man in his great Associations; in Laws, in Maxims, in Traditions, in those great undoubted Principles of Right and Wrong which are sanctioned by the general consent of Mankind; thus tracing in human Institutions some faint reflection of that Divine Wisdom, which fashioned the Leaf that unfolded itself but a few weeks ago in the Forest, after the pattern of the Leaf that was bathed in the dews of Paradise on the morning of the Creation."

With this expression of our sentiments, and renewedly thanking you for the courteous reception you have given us, this Phalanx now bids you a cordial and respectful Adieu.

At the conclusion of this response, several of the members of the Phalanx were introduced to Mr. Everett, after which the Companies proceeded to the parade ground of the Common. The attendance on the Common was immense. Every available spot outside the lines was occupied by the eager Crowd, and a large number of Ladies and Gentlemen were admitted by ticket within the lines.

At half-past four o'clock, the Second Battalion of Infantry, numbering 86 guns, under command of *Major* Charles O. Rogers, accompanied by Gilmore's full Band and Drum Corps, left their Armory, and proceeded to the City Hall, where they received *Mayors* Lincoln of Boston and Dana of Charlestown, together with members of both branches of the Government of each City, whom they escorted to the Common. The Charlestown City Guard then took their leave of the Phalanx and marched for home. The line of the Phalanx was formed, and they were reviewed by *Mayors* Lincoln and Dana, *Alderman* Pierce, and J. Putnam Bradlee, Esq., *President of the*

Council, of Boston. While this review was progressing, the Second Battalion marched to the State House, where they received *Adjutant-General* Stone, *Brigadier-General* Bullock and Staff of the First Brigade, *Col.* Cowdin and Staff of the Second Regiment Infantry, and *Major* White and Staff of the First Battalion Cavalry, whom they escorted to the Parade Ground. The above named Officers then reviewed the Phalanx. The Corps then passed in Review before the Officers, marching to the soul-stirring music of their own Drum Band. The marching of the Phalanx was loudly applauded by the assembled multitude. After the Review, the Second Battalion went through a dress parade in excellent style, after which both companies escorted *Gen.* Stone and his Officers to the State House. The line of march was then resumed, the Phalanx being escorted through Beacon, School, Washington, Summer, Chauncy, Harrison avenue, and Beach streets, to the United States Hotel, where they were dismissed, the Second Battalion returning to their Armory.

In the evening, a large number of the Phalanx availed themselves of the courteous invitation of Mr. E. L. Davenport, manager of the Howard Athenæum, and visited that establishment. *Mayor* Lincoln kept open house during the evening and hospitably received the Phalanx. Oliver Ellsworth, Esq., a member of the Battalion, sumptuously entertained the entire Corps at his residence, No. 21 Somerset street. This Re-union was one of the most delightful and pleasant incidents of the entire Excursion, and at the residence of their Brother-member, the Phalanx were made to feel at home. During the evening, Geo. H. Clark, Esq., who was one of the guests of the

occasion, added materially to the enjoyments of the Festival by reading the following appropriate Poem:

It's juſt what I expected—and I cannot well complain:—
 Becauſe a fellow did it once you thought he would again :
 And ſo, to meet the Challenger in caſe one ſhould appear,
 I brought a loaded gun along—you ſee I have it here!

I was buſy with a Cuſtomer about a little bill,
 With one eye on his pocket-book and one upon the till;
 The groſs amount was figured up—it waſn't very large—
 And he had ſtirred me with his cry of “charge, Cheſter, charge!”

When ſteps me in a portly man who couldn't ſee his knee,
 With a ſmile upon his lip, and ſaid “I want you, Mr. C—.”
 I knew he was no Conſtable—thoſe Caitiffs never ſmile—
 And thus with words of blandiſhment my ear he did beguile.

“Our Phalanx, whoſe Ambition ſoars beyond a proſy Drill,
 Is going on a Pilgrimage to famous Bunker Hill:
 We mean to ſtand, with hat in hand, where glorious Putnam fought,
 And tread the Soil where noble Deeds by him were nobly wrought.

We go with no inflamed deſire, nor any ſly intent
 To bring away by force of Arms the Charleſtown Monument:—
 Although it were an eaſy thing to do ſo if we choſe,
 As every body who has ſeen the Putnam Phalanx knows.

And we want you to come along—we'll have a jovial time—
 And don't forget to bring with you a pleaſant bit of Rhyme.
 The day is fixed for Tueſday next—no dodging for the rain—
 And pray be prompt, becauſe, you ſee, we're going on a Train!”

Well, here I am—a little man among top-booted ſcreamers,
 Like to a Clipper mid a fleet of huge Great Eaſtern Steamers;
 A ſort of rakish *Letter o' marque* beſide my big Compeers—
 So let my ſignals all be marked as meant for private ears.

I'm told your Mothers know you're out—how is it with your Wives?
 And have the thoughtful Creatures got inſurance on your Lives?

I trust when you are safely back they'll ask no idle questions,
To answer which would interfere with delicate digestions.

It has been sometimes asked of me, in quite a serious way,
If you in case of actual War would mingle in the Fray?
I answer Yes:—and what is more, no Danger would you shun,
For it is quite impossible that such Great Men should run!

No—be assured of this one thing, though large the target be,
A broadside might rake down your ranks before a soul would flee:
Cocked hats might wilt, and breeches rip, and coats be rent and torn,
Yet still amid the thickest Fight your Banner would be borne.

Look at the Standard Bearer there and doubt it if you can!
And think if those odd legs would save our excellent Squire Mann!
And Deming too—the Enemy would make a deadly breach
In every thing his broadcloth hid, ere he the rear could reach.

The mental Courage that dilates each Soldier's flashing eye,
Would be excited by the fact that he must do or die.
So all ye bull-necked Britishers, beware these men of might,
Who won't surrender, cannot run—but Glory! how they'll fight!

You may talk about Thermopylae and Marathons of old;
Of Lodi and of Waterloo, and all their Heroes bold;
I'll bet a score of pumpkin pies, and help the party eat 'em,
That Major Goodwin and his troop would give 'em odds and beat 'em!

You've one might rank, if so he chose, with old Demosthenes;
And a lineal Son of that old Greek we call Thucydides;
And others who but bide their time to show their fellow men
That they can wield, as Cæsar did, the Sword as well as Pen.

One member may his patients purge, and one may shove the plane;
And one may have an oily tongue and wag the fame for gain.
You may have Merchants, Presidents, and men from toil retired,
But all with warlike visions now are most intensely fired.

Your Colt would shoot a dozen foes the while the rest were aiming;
And Ashmead's hammer, like old Thor's, the cohorts would be maim-
ing:

And Tiffany, when duty calls, will prove no terrapin,
But like a valiant Printer send a frequent bullet in.

And where in case of a retreat, would neighbor Strong be found?
Dead — or like Falstaff feigning death — along the bloody ground!
And Sharp, his roadsters four in hand would never drive again,
But like a hunted Buffalo loom up among the slain.

Well, let us hope there'll be no War:— we're quiet loving folk —
And really, after all that's said, this fighting is no joke.
I never liked the trade, myself, since I was quite a lad,
When Billy Wolcott broke my head, and pummelled me so bad.

We've come to visit Bunker Hill. We've also come to dine.
We also mean to taste a glass of Boston people's wine.
I wonder if they would have thrown such nectar in the Sea,
If George had taxed it as he did that plaguy lot of Tea!

What good things they to-day provide let us to-day discuss —
For when another morning breaks they'll breakfast upon us!
To-morrow they will surely have — dressed up as "latest news" —
A dish of Putnam Phalanx served, to flank their prandial stews.

Ah — bless those Editorial Chaps:— it is a way they've got,
Of seizing jokes, like buckwheat cakes, while they are piping hot;
And while the Jokers are abed, and dreaming of new feats,
Those Typos will be "setting up" — and pulling off the sheets!

May you look back upon this day with Patriotic Pride,
And with a keener relish still your ambling Hobby ride;
And may those solemn looking hats acquire no rakish tricks,
Nor ever be a lurking place for sad convivial bricks!

At nine o'clock on Thursday morning, the Phalanx
were assembled preparatory to their departure for Providence.
Notwithstanding the fatigues of the day previous, every man was in readiness for Duty. The day
was cool, with a high wind which rendered marching
somewhat uncomfortable. The Phalanx paraded a
short time only on the Common, where it was expected

that an Artist would photograph the Battalion, but the day was unfavorable for the operation. After a brief parade, the Battalion, accompanied by thousands, marched to the Providence Depot. A large Crowd was assembled to witness their Departure, and as the Train left at eleven a. m., cheer after cheer was raised for the Putnam Phalanx, which were returned most heartily by the Battalion for their Boston friends.

The members of the Phalanx retain the most grateful and pleasant recollection of their brief but joyous visit to Boston and Charlestown. The Hospitable Citizens of those places seem to have neglected no endeavor to honor the Phalanx with their admiration and attentions. The local Papers speak of their visit as an event of no ordinary moment in their Cities' History. They estimate the Crowds assembled to witness the Receptions and various Parades of the Battalion by "tens of thousands." And it is pleasant to the Phalanx to put on Record permanently, the following spontaneous expressions of opinion from some of the more prominent Daily Journals:

[From the Boston Post.]

For — well, we'll say — forty years — we haven't felt so much like playing truant to tag Soldiers about the streets as we did yesterday morning upon seeing the PUTNAM PHALANX paraded in front of the United States Hotel. Happy Hostelry! to have breakfasted such a Squad — every one a solid Citizen with a good stomach, every one a Gentleman, a Soldier and a Patriot; for, as a stranger remarked to us, it isn't possible for such men to vote the sectional ticket. From the tall, venerable, white-haired and white-whiskered Commander down to the shortest Private, every one had the jaunty and genial air of a smiling October morning in New England —

(Hail to the land whereon we tread!)

but under this peaceful exterior of yellow feathers it required no great imagination to perceive the daring of the Wolf-hunter whose name

they bear. We never saw, hereabout, any military thing finer than the ease and grace of their movements as they formed and marched up Beach street to the tune of "The Girl I left behind Me," played by their old-fashioned Drum Corps with a mellow nicety that brought the tears into the eyes of a young Lady standing near us. Like her, sorry to be left behind the showy Phalanx, we threw our head up and our somewhat rounded shoulders back, and marched down to the scene of our accustomed labors with as much of a military port as we could assume without appearing ridiculous, but feeling all the time that Athens is eclipsed, and the best of our Battalions must knock under to that of Hartford.

[From the Boston Transcript.]

The Putnam Phalanx is an Organization for Social and Historic as well as Military purposes. Yet we have heard but one opinion expressed in this City in regard to the Corps. Universal commendation of the fine, noble bearing of its Members, and praise of the general discipline of the Battalion, have assigned to the Phalanx a higher place in the esteem of our Citizens, than that of any military Visitors for a long series of Years. These causes operate, however, in a military direction solely. But there are influences more potent, which have produced their effect upon Persons, whose habits of life and modes of thought do not predispose them to a love of martial Parade. Such agencies relate to the willingness of the people of Boston to give intellectual and moral Worth its proper Position. That the Phalanx takes a front rank in the former regard is proved by the felicitous, and, in parts, eloquent Speeches of Hon. I. W. Stuart and H. C. Deming, Esq., made on Wednesday, on Bunker Hill and in Boston. We are also assured that in a moral point of view the Battalion is no less entitled to respect. The fame of some on its Roll, as men of substance preceded their arrival here. We hope their visit to this City was as productive of enjoyment to the entire membership of the "Phalanx" as agreeable to our Community.

[From the Charlestown (Mass.) Advocate.]

The Putnam Phalanx is about the most substantial, and the jolliest looking Company of men that ever got together in this Town before. Hartford must be a desolate looking place after permitting such a Body to quit its limits, to go in search of Honors upon foreign Fields—be-

cause, no Town could by any possibility, at least not in these days, send out a Phalanx like them, and yet have enough left to keep up the dignity of the Place.

What a void their Wives and Children and Fellow-citizens must experience without their presence.—Some of the finest specimens of physical manhood, and nobleness of carriage and feature, could be selected from among them. A sculptor would not want for models among such a Crowd. He would be puzzled which to choose. And many of them were men of “most unbounded stomach,” stout trencher men, before whom dyspepsia, indigestion, and melancholy would disappear as Shadows that vanish at the approach of Morning. Looking at them, we felt an intense desire to fling up our beaver, and cry out “Hurrah for Connecticut!” if the manufactures wooden nutmegs, the don’t send abroad wooden men. Hurrah for Connecticut!

THE ARRIVAL AT PROVIDENCE.

At one o’clock p. m., Thursday, Oct. 6th, a signal gun from the battery of the Marine Artillery, which was stationed near Canal street, announced the approach of the Train from Boston with the Putnam Phalanx. The signal gun was followed by a National Salute of thirty-one guns, for which purpose a detachment of twenty men, under the command of *Orderly Sergeant* George E. Brown, had been detailed by the acting Commander of the Marine Corps of Artillery, *Lieut. Col. C. H. Tompkins*. Near the Depot and on Exchange place, was a concourse of thousands of People who had assembled to greet the Phalanx and witness their Reception by the First Light Infantry and the Old Guard. By the best of arrangements nearly the entire Square was kept open and reserved for the Military. The formalities of reception and mutual introductions having taken place, the two Battalions took up the line of march, the Infantry escorting their Guests through Exchange, Westminster

and Dorrance streets to the Infantry Armory, where an elegant collation was given to the Phalanx by their Hosts. Col. W. W. Brown briefly welcomed the Phalanx to the City, and *Major Commandant* Goodwin responded. After an hour of social intercourse, the Battalions formed on Dorrance street, in the following order:

American Brass Band, J. C. Greene, leader, 20 pieces, in blue uniform.

First Light Infantry, Col. W. W. Brown, Commandant; First Company in scarlet coats, numbering 83 muskets; Second Company in blue fatigue dress, numbering 61 muskets; Line and Staff Officers numbering 31; total, 175 men.

Putnam Phalanx, *Major* Horace Goodwin, Commandant; Line and Staff Officers, numbering 36; Standard Bearer and Guard, 8; Privates, First Company, numbering 54 muskets; Second Company, 53 muskets; Drum Band, 10 pieces; total, 161 men.

Detachment of Marine Corps of Artillery, *Orderly Sergeant* George E. Brown, Commandant, numbering 20 men.

The line marched up Broad street and down Westminster street, through Market Square and up North Main street to the Quarters of the Phalanx, at the Earl House, where the latter were left by the Escort, which was marched to the Armory and dismissed. During the entire line of march, the streets were thronged with Spectators, flags were displayed from various points, and the enthusiasm was intense. A prominent Journal of Providence says, that "the Reception and Parade formed one of the most brilliant Pageants ever witnessed in our City." In the afternoon the Phalanx marched to the Armory of the Marine Artillery and deposited their muskets. The

time, till evening, was passed in interchange of courtesies, many distinguished Citizens of Providence calling at the Head-Quarters to pay their respects to the Members of the Phalanx.

THE BANQUET.

In the evening a complimentary Banquet to the Phalanx was given by the Infantry, in Pratt's Hall. The Phalanx was escorted from their Quarters by the Light Infantry, and entered the Hall at precisely eight o'clock. The invited Guests had previously assembled, and one of the ample galleries was filled with the fairer portion of Creation—an unusual compliment, as it is noted in the Journals of the day, that this was the first time in the History of festive Scenes of this sort in Providence, that Ladies by their presence had graced the Gathering. The Hall was thronged. In addition to the Infantry and their immediate Guests, the Phalanx, the Old Guard were present in full force and uniform, and a large number of distinguished Gentlemen, among whom were His Excellency Gov. Turner, with members of his Staff, (His Honor Mayor Knight was present as a member of the Old Guard,) Hon. Albert C. Greene, ex-U. S. Senator, Hon. James F. Simmons, Hon. Thomas Davis, Hon. Walter R. Danforth, Hon. Walter S. Burges, Hon. John R. Bartlett, *Secretary of State*, Hon. Albert S. Gallup, Rev. Dr. Barnas Sears, President of Brown University, Rev. C. H. Fay, *Quar. Gen.* T. J. Stead, the Officers of the Marine Corps of Artillery, Lt. Col. N. Van Slyck of the Providence Artillery, Col. C. T. Robbins of the National Cadets, Col. H. T. Sifton of the Mechanic Rifles, and many other Gentlemen of note

and fundry Members of the Rhode Island Bar. No event of similar character in Providence has ever called together an assemblage of more distinguished Individuals.

The Banquet itself was beyond all praise. Six long tables filled the Hall, covers were laid for four hundred and forty Persons, and every seat was filled. An unusually magnificent display of flowers formed an additional attraction.

Col. W. W. Brown presided. On his right were seated the Major Commandant and *Lieut. Allyn*, of the Phalanx; on the left, his Excellency *Gov. Turner* of Rhode Island, and *Mayor Knight* of Providence. A blessing was pronounced by the *Rev. C. H. Fay*, and after an hour devoted to the substantials spread before them, *Col. Brown* called the audience to order and briefly remarked as follows:

I am aware my position is such that our stranger Friends most naturally turn their eyes towards me, expecting a speech; but my Comrades and Fellow-citizens do not expect it. * * My Command, many years ago, very fortunately, passed a vote empowering me, under all circumstances and on any Occasion, to make a demand upon any Member. I therefore call upon my Commissary, Rodman.

Commissary Rodman responded to the call of his veteran Commander, and welcomed the Guests of the Corps in the following eloquent manner:

THE WELCOME.

Mr. Commandant, Officers and Privates of the Putnam Phalanx:— The annals of Rhode Island commence with the word "What-Cheer," the word of Welcome which fell upon the ear of him who first planted his foot within her Borders.

It is our Rhode Island word of Greeting and our municipal Watch-Word; and I assure you, Gentlemen, that the air never more joyously vibrated to its utterance than at this moment, while in behalf of our Commandant, and these my Brethren of the First Light Infantry, I say to you each and all, "What-Cheer."

In thus welcoming you, the path opens most alluringly to indulge the associations which the Occasion so naturally awakens. Who can look upon your uniform and not feel the Patriotic and the emotional kindling and rising within his breast?

Memories come thronging thick and fast of all the Heroic struggles of the Revolutionary Contest and those which anteceded it. I now see in the darkness of Colonial Night your heroic Putnam chained and helpless between contending Hosts, the bullets hurtling around him like a leaden storm. I see the flames kindling around him at the stake, and hear the Indian's wild yell of fiendlike revenge. I see him at Bunker Hill with our own gallant Greene. Ay, Gentlemen, the whole Panorama of Freedom's struggle passes in quick review before me as I look upon your honored costume. When these scenes are awakened (and they cannot be too often) how deeply should the Fountains of our Gratitude be stirred, and how earnestly should our Patriotism be anew enkindled. General Putnam was yours—General Greene was ours, and both were Washington's, and Washington and all by whom he was surrounded were Freedom's, and all of Freedom's then, is ours by inheritance now.

They mingled their powers and sympathies, and in concert reared the Altar of Liberty, and cemented with their valor the arches of its Holy Temple, and ever through its length and breadth should roll, full-toned and strong, one ceaseless Anthem of united and grateful Praise.

But I see before me the honored Chief Magistrate of our little State, and I must not invade his prerogative—His honor the Mayor of our city, who will rightly claim the grateful privilege of welcoming you in behalf of his Fellow-citizens—and it only remains for me in the name of the First Light Infantry, to extend to you a Soldier's Welcome—Welcome in the name of a Soldier's Brotherhood—Welcome as the Sons of one of the Old Thirteen—Welcome in the name of mingled Revolutionary memories—Welcome as Representatives of one of the purest of Commonwealths—Welcome in the bonds of loved and cherished memories of your beautiful City—Welcome as

Statesmen, Soldiers, Citizens, Men—Sons of the Land of Roger Sherman, to the City of Roger Williams.

We rouse the drum with jocund roll,
While soul responsive beats to soul,
And makes these walls with echoes ring,
As now with heart and voice we sing,
What-Cheer.

Swell the clarion loud and long,
Wake the harp to frolic song,
Let the cymbals clashing meet,
While as one we now repeat,
What-Cheer.

Gem with deathless light the hours,
Garland them with fadeless flowers,
That in time's far distant night,
They may gleam with holy light,
Round the path of each and all
Now within this festive hall.

Musical—"HAIL TO THE CHIEF."

The Major Commandant of the Phalanx called upon
Lieut. T. M. Allyn, Mayor of Hartford, to respond.

SPEECH OF LIEUT. ALLYN.

Colonel Commandant, Officers and Soldiers of the First Light Infantry Company:—I was about to say, that it has seldom fallen to my lot to perform a more pleasing service, than has been assigned to me on this Occasion; but after the eloquent introduction to which we have just listened, I am almost induced to indulge a different thought upon that subject.

As a representative of the City of Hartford and as a member of the Putnam Phalanx, I seize this opportunity to tender to you our heartfelt Acknowledgments, at the kind and warm Reception you have given us to-day.

The relation between Civil and Military institutions has, I think, been misconceived in some measure. They are more necessary to each other than has been generally imagined. I am aware, Sir, that where the great mass of a Community acts upon the strict principles

of Justice and Equity—that great divine principle of “doing unto others as you would they should do to you,” there is no need, perhaps, of Civil Government, nor of Military Organizations, to assist and support it; but such an Organization is not ours, and we live not under so perfect and harmonious a system of humanity as that. What is Civil Government? What enforces its laws? Is there any Power in the mere enactment of those laws? No; we must look back of that, and there we see the first Military Organization of our Country.

I might go further, and say that without this Power to render certain and sustain the execution of laws, Civil Government would be “as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal”—a mere rope of sand to be swept away in the first turmoil of riot within our borders, or upon the first insurrection or rebellion within our Land.

To this arm we must look as the great Support of Civil Government in securing the perpetuity of our beloved and cherished Institutions.

This Battalion, Sir, which bears the honored name of one of the distinguished Heroes of the Revolution, is now returning from a battlefield of that great struggle no less distinguished than the heights of Bunker Hill; where the troops of Connecticut, New Hampshire and Massachusetts, met shoulder to shoulder, fought and bled and died—too many of them!—to emancipate three millions of people from the Colonial despotism of the British Empire, and to usher into existence the Nation which now extends over the vast plains of Independent America.

The most sanguine of those Heroes could hardly have anticipated the marvellous progress which we—knowing then little of manufactures and the mechanic arts, with a commerce monopolized by the Mother country—have already made, and it needs no prophetic inspiration to foretell the spread of our Institutions over the entire Continent of North America.

As I beheld the Stars and Stripes floating aloft on entering your beautiful City, I felt within my bosom a spirit of patriotic Pride in reflecting upon the rapid communication which enables us to pass in a single day through several of these independent Sovereignities, while at the same time I was a Citizen of the United States and entitled to all the rights and privileges of a Citizen of any State; and I trust no future generation will be allowed to look upon that Flag with a single Star or Stripe obliterated.

Our Country of to-day is the Country which the wisdom and foresight of our Fathers have made for us. It still claims at our hands, and I trust it will always receive, our warmest Affections and our continued Support.

Music—NATIONAL AIR.

Col. Brown arose and announced that *Assistant Commissary* Thomas A. Doyle had been appointed to act as Toast Master of the occasion. In accepting the appointment, Mr. Doyle remarked as follows:

SPEECH OF ASSISTANT COMMISSARY DOYLE.

It is with a great deal of pleasure that I find myself enabled to render any service on an Occasion of this nature, which tends to bring the Citizens of different States into friendly relations with each other, and to rivet the more closely the bonds of Brotherhood, in our common Country. The frequent interchange of social courtesies between one State and another, and one section and another, will tend to strengthen Government and greatly increase our Love of Country. Were they far more frequent than they now are, there would be fewer demagogues and more Patriots.

Could you have been with me in the recent visit to the great City of the West, and seen the men gathered from every State and Territory in our Union, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico; could you have beheld the meetings, as if from the same State and almost from the same Town, you would never fear that a single Star or Stripe would ever be stricken from our National Emblem.

But it is not for me to speak on this occasion; I am only to call upon others. Permit me to say, however, in passing, that the Infantry Company claims among its members some of our most distinguished men. The representative of our City government, his Honor the Mayor, present on this occasion, is a member of the Infantry. We also claim the Speaker of the House of Representatives, the Secretary of State, and with pride we point to his Excellency, our present Governor.

I give you, as the first regular toast—

The State of Rhode Island—One of the Old Thirteen, who with her veteran sister, Connecticut, did battle for the Liberty we enjoy.

Musical—"OLD BRISTOL."

His Excellency Gov. Turner, of Rhode Island, rose and responded as follows:

SPEECH OF GOVERNOR TURNER.

Colonel Commandant:—My thanks are due for being permitted to add a word of Welcome on this Occasion, and allow me to say, at the outset, that I am proud of being enrolled as a member of the First Light Infantry Company.

By virtue of my office, I am Commander-in-chief of the Militia of this State. It is fitting that I should participate in a festive Occasion like the present, and it gives me great pleasure on this evening to meet and welcome so many of the distinguished Sons of Connecticut, and that pleasure is greatly increased from the fact that for the first time I behold the presence of Ladies to lend a charm to our festivities. I could wish that the capacity of this spacious Hall were doubled, that room might be made for them at the tables by our sides.

Gentlemen of the Putnam Phalanx—I feel sure that I express the sentiments of all my Constituents, when I, as their representative and as Commander-in-Chief of the Military of Rhode Island, welcome you, as I now do, to our little State.

It is a source of great gratification to me, as it is to all Lovers of their Country to witness the kindly feelings that exist between the Citizens of the several States of this Union. This mutual good feeling should be cherished and encouraged by every honest, laudable means, and I know of no way more effectual than by such Gatherings as the present.

In welcoming you to Rhode Island I feel that we are honored by such a visit from our friends, the Military of a sister State, and in welcoming an Organization like that before me, which so nobly represents the Military of Connecticut. We bid you a hearty Welcome to all that we have that will add to the real enjoyment of your visit to our City.

I had an opportunity, Gentlemen, on a recent occasion, in company with the First Light Infantry, on their visit to Connecticut, to witness

and partake of the hospitalities of His Excellency Governor Buckingham, and I am disappointed at not seeing him on this Occasion; his preference would have added still more to the pleasure of our meeting.

There is a Gentleman present who is too modest, I understand, to speak in praise of his own State, but would accept the privilege of speaking for Rhode Island. I will give you as a sentiment, and call upon the Hon. I. W. Stuart, of Hartford, to respond to that portion of it:

The Volunteer Militia of Connecticut and Rhode Island—They are not only good Soldiers, but an honor to their native States.

Hon. I. W. Stuart, Judge Advocate of the Putnam Phalanx, responded as follows:

SPEECH OF JUDGE ADVOCATE STUART.

Colonel Commandant, and Officers and Soldiers of the First Light Infantry Company:—Were I to express the predominating satisfaction in my own mind just at this moment, I should say it lies in the fact that I am here, with the Putnam Phalanx, from old Connecticut, participating in the good old State of Rhode Island, in a Festivity which fills the body with repast, the Mind with thoughtfulness, and the Hearts of the Putnam Phalanx, I am sure, with thankfulness for the courtesy and bounty of the Providence First Light Infantry. You have indeed made us at home here, Colonel Brown, and with such prodigal and cordial Hospitality for a stimulant as this with which our Battalion is now surrounded, I shall take very great pleasure, I assure you, in responding to the toast to your State.

Connecticut and Rhode Island, Sir, took out their Charters of Government—those substantial ones which they received from Charles the Second—at very nearly one and the same time. They enjoyed under them the same Powers, the same Privileges, the same Immunities. They alone, of all the Old Thirteen Colonies, could point to them as to the Parchments of true Freedom; and spite of the collision occasioned for a while by their clauses relating to territory—spite of the temporary usurpations of the tyrannizing Sir Edmond Andros—and in defiance of all the insidious attacks of enemies to the Colonies, of British Parliaments, and of the Crown,—Connecticut and Rhode Island, side by side, and shoulder to shoulder—we, for One hundred and fifty-six years, you here, your Excellency, for One

hundred and seventy-nine, I think,—lived, loved, and gloriously prospered under these Sovereign Grants; grants which continued to form the Constitutions of our respective States for a period long subsequent to the Revolution.

It is with an especial sympathy, therefore, of pleasure and of pride, that the citizens of Connecticut look upon Rhode Island, when the curtain is lifted from her Past—as, gratefully to myself, I am called upon to lift it now, and to reveal some of the Monuments which, under her old Charter, she has erected to Liberty and to God.

Far back—even in your infancy as a State—we behold your People, even when they were fighting the wilderness, a prosperous Community. But eighteen years only after your illustrious Roger Williams, with Harris and Smith, and Verin, and Angell, and Wickes, his five companions, first in a single canoe crossed the Seekonk, to found this your City of Providence, we find your People, as in their own recorded language they say, drinking “of the cup of as great Liberties” as any that they could hear of “under the whole Heaven”; and so exempt from the burden of public charges, they add, as even “not to know what an Excise meant,” and to have “almost forgotten what Tithes—yea, or Taxes—were, either to Church or Commonwealth.” To this effect, gentlemen, your own town of Providence officially reports, through Gregory Dexter, its Clerk, in a letter addressed to Sir Henry Vane, in the gray Year of sixteen hundred and fifty-four!

And down from this early period, down upon the stream of Time as Rhode Island moves, we find a praiseworthy progress in her Laws, her Institutions, her Education, her Industry, and her Arts. With her power inextricably lodged in the hands of her People—with her Spirit, in general, high-toned by Good Morals and Religion—with her Labor enterprising, ambitious, inventive, and accumulative—the Anchor for her seal, and Hope for her motto—she has steadily advanced in a career of prosperity whose Fruits at the present moment—whose coveted fruits of Health, Wealth, and Content—are plucked, proportionably to her territorial extent, by as many happy hands as anywhere upon the face of the American Continent are stretched out for human Blessings.

As we come down to the Revolutionary period—that with which the Putnam Phalanx is more immediately concerned—our interest in your History becomes deepened. For here, emphatically, and in

closer Union than any other States among the Old Thirteen—save Massachusetts—Rhode Island and Connecticut played conspicuous parts, and it is with uncommon satisfaction, therefore, that we of this Phalanx recall the manner in which Rhode Island performed her Role.

The spirited opposition of your People, ere the Revolution broke out, to the odious Revenue acts of Great Britain—your special and frequent Town Assemblies, particularly here in Providence, in which you boldly denounced these acts as encroachments, all of them, on the incontestible Rights of “his Majesty’s liege subjects” everywhere; your Resolutions, far back as August, 1765, in which, with a directness and daring hardly surpassed even by those immortal Resolves of Patrick Henry’s, on the same subject, in the land of the Old Dominion, you declared against the public grievances, and pointed to Independence; the Illuminations, and *feu de joies*, and Toasts, and Speeches, and other thousand rejoicings, with which you celebrated the repeal of the hated Stamp Act, and in 1768, formally dedicated your Tree of Liberty; the Oath your people took beneath that tree, “in the name and behalf,” as was their language upon the occasion, “in the name and behalf of all the true Sons of Liberty in America, Great Britain, Ireland, Corsica, or wherefoever they may be dispersed throughout the world,” to support and maintain the Freedom which “our renowned Forefathers fought out and found under trees, and in the wilderness”—all these your Acts and Pledges in behalf of Liberty which preceded the outbreak of the Revolution, this Phalanx dwells upon with heartfelt pride.

With pride also we gaze, through the glass of History, upon your little Squadron of long boats, eight in number, and crowded with a band of your daring Shipmasters and Merchants, as, in the Spring of 1772, under the command of your intrepid Whipple, they carried that Oath of Rhode Island resistance to which I have referred into startling effect, and burned the offensive Gaspee to the water’s edge. There—in that exploit down upon Namquit Point—we of this Phalanx hail the *first* open and armed opposition upon the American Continent of the American Colonies, to the King of England’s martial power. For there, just at that moment when Ruddington, the Commander of the Gaspee, discharged at the approaching Party the pistols which he held, and in return was wounded by a musket ball in the left groin, there was shed, in fact, the *first blood* of the American

Revolution. A Providence man it was who fired the first defensive Gun in this great Contest, and at a Company of Providence men it was that the first British ball was discharged. Men of Rhode Island, you wear the Laurel from this source, to your glory, and forever!

Again, gentlemen, we follow you with lively joy, in March, 1775, to the public Market-place in this your City of Providence, and there behold your People kindle a craving fire, and at the time when Tea was made the vehicle of a most unconstitutional tax, burn up the obnoxious shrub—the Free-will Offering, most of it, of your patriotic Ladies; Aye, Ladies, [said the speaker, addressing the numerous Fair Ones who graced the Gallery of the Hall,] claim the force of this patriotic fact all to yourselves. And, Gentlemen, we see your People just at this moment of the conflagration, add to its fuel the hostile Speech of the Prime Minister of England, Lord North's; and the Tory journals of Rivington, and Mills, and Hicks—while one of your spirited Sons of Liberty, lampblack and brush in hand, perambulated your streets, unpainting and obliterating the word *Tea* from all the shop signs of your Town—and not one Soul within your borders was found “poor enough to do reverence” as a mourner at this your funeral of Madame Souchong.

We gaze, too, with pride upon your full One thousand men, who roused by the Lexington Alarm, paraded at once here in your City, for a quick march to the scene of strife—while the flaming Beacon from your East Hill, told to Newport, and your whole surrounding country even to Prospect Hill in Cambridge, and to our own New London and Norwich, and distant Pomfret, the fierce alarms of War—

“Like an exhaled meteor,
Blazing forth the portents of broached mischief
To the times.”

It was the fortune of War, Gentlemen of Rhode Island, in that great Struggle which made us free, as is familiar history, that Newport, and the Island upon which it rests, for upwards of three years, should remain in the possession of the enemy. Now, gentlemen, the Putnam Phalanx recalls with deep interest the fact, that when in December, 1776, that huge British fleet, with four thousand troops under Sir Henry Clinton, pushed up Narragansett Bay and seized your beautiful Newport, and fearfully menaced the whole adjacent country—Connecticut—instantaneously roused to action by her patriotic Governor Trumbull—not only sent you her Dyer, and Law, and Wales, and

Hofmer, here at Providence, in union with Committees from all the New England States, to concert measures "for mutual and immediate defence and safety"—but sent you also Ten hundred and ninety-two of her Soldier-sons, together with a gallant Troop of Light Horse under her brave Major Ebenezer Backus, and an abundance of military stores—here in conjunction with your own Troops—your "Independent Companies" of Providence particularly, and your Artillery, under the ever active Col. Daniel Tillinghast—here gallantly to strive against the appalling Invasion.

And we recall also with interest the fact, that when in 1778, upon a fresh Enterprise to expel the Enemy from Newport, Sullivan, then in chief command, sent to Connecticut for more Troops, again our Governor—in addition to Seven hundred and twenty-eight men from our State already then quartered with you—speedily sent you on Seven companies more, together with numerous Volunteers, one hundred barrels of powder, and other copious stores—once again with the brave Soldiery of Rhode Island to co-operate against the Foe.

And pleasantly also we recall the fact, that in 1779, Connecticut furnished yet another large Quota of Troops to the Rhode Island defence. And what is more—and is strikingly expressive of her sympathy for your People—when the long presence of the Foe had cut off your Trade here, and your Navigation and Fishery, and debarred many of your Citizens from cultivating their lands, and a famine, in consequence, stared them in the face, Connecticut promptly sent you relief in food—sent you seven thousand bushels of grain—sent you money—collecting her contributions through a warrant in favor of your Jonathan Otis and Oliver K. Warner of Newport, which, by Governor Trumbull himself, was addressed to every Religious Society in our State, and was met by a hearty and humane response.

And when, in 1780, another most formidable British fleet menaced Newport—in response to the pressing solicitations of Gen. Heath and your own Governor Greene, Connecticut again quickly sent you aid. She sent you half the men from her four eastern Brigades—her Troop of Veterans from Canterbury under Capt. Timothy Backus, and her Company of Matrosses from Pomfret under Captain Daniel Tyler—once more, in warm concert with Rhode Island and Continental Troops, to labor for the expulsion of the Foe.

And when, through the extraordinary and precipitate abandonment by the Foe of Newport, the pall of British power, to the universal

Joy, was at last, Gentlemen, lifted from your beautiful seaboard, no State in the Union, more than Connecticut, let me assure you, was gladdened by the result. Long and unflinchingly had you here of Rhode Island striven to accomplish this triumphant result; and at last you rejoiced in it. In defiance of dangers which, much of the time, stared you in the face more imminently than they did most other States, you devoted your blood and your treasure to the Revolutionary struggle—day after day and year after year—with a Spirit that never quailed, and an Energy that never faltered. This you did, not only upon the land, but also upon the stormy seas—upon which your gallant Cruisers, like the *Hawk* under your immortal SILAS TALBUT, achieved many conspicuous triumphs; and upon which it is your just boast, that in August, 1775, through instructions from your General Assembly to your Delegates then in Congress, you made the first movement in the American States for the establishment of a Continental Navy, and gave to this Navy, when it was founded, in Commodore EZEK HOPKINS, its first Commander-in-chief.

Justly, then, Sir, does the Battalion which I have the honor now to represent, warm with such military Memories as these to which I allude, and to the Prowess of Rhode Island, render the tribute of its patriotic respect. Organized as we are, as I have already suggested, for the especial purpose of renewing and stimulating those thoughts and associations which cluster around the glorious War for American Independence, our hearts, Gentlemen, let me assure you, beat high when we find, that to our own Connecticut treasure-house of the Revolutionary Past, we can add a store of Memories so rich and varied, and patriotic, as those which spring up here among the beautiful Isles and along the historic Headlands of fair Narragansett Bay.

Your Governor Greene, the personal Friend, and intimate military Coadjutor of our own immortal "Rebel" Governor Trumbull—your Brigadier General Greene, next to Washington probably the most accomplished Officer in the American service of the Revolution—your Ezek Hopkins, the first Commodore, as I have said, of our Continental Navy, and the victor at Nassau—your heroic Commodore Whipple, and Major Talbut, and Colonel Tillinghast, and Colonel Olney—your John Brown, that eminently bold and ceaselessly enterprising lover of Liberty, who, chiefly, I believe, contrived the conflagration of the Gaspee—your John Updike, David Howell, William Rhodes, Paul Allen, Jonathan Arnold, William Earle, Ambrose Page, Theo-

dore Foster, William Ruffell, Nicholas Cooke, Joseph Brown, Jabez Bowen, and others your leading Patriots and gallant men—all, both on the Land, and on the Sea, whom you gave to the counsels, and with whom you recruited the Battalions of the Continent—these are all the pride of the Putnam Phalanx, as well as your own—the pride also of Connecticut—the pride, too, of our whole Country. We claim a share in the renown of them all. Their patriotic Virtues, their disinterestedness, their zeal, their sublime endurance, their joys, their sorrows, their reverses, their triumphs—we also lay title to these as part and parcel, interwoven, indissolubly interwoven with our great National Heritage of Freedom.

Happy, Gentlemen, the lot of Rhode Island to have participated so reputably as she did in the Revolutionary Struggle! Happy, particularly, the fortune of Providence to have been, as she was, one among the Leaders in our midst—one among the foremost in that great and good Work, which, not only within her own captivating borders, but elsewhere from sea to sea, over a gigantic Continent, has spread the munificent and imperishable sunshine of Liberty.

In conclusion, Gentlemen, allow me to propose a sentiment:

Rhode Island and Connecticut—Connecticut and Rhode Island—Twin nurseries, ever vigorous, of Colonial and Revolutionary Freedom. May their patriotic History be written forever in the hearts of the American People!

Second regular toast—

The State of Connecticut—The Mother of a numerous and distinguished progeny of Heroes. The memory of the noblest of them all is perpetuated in the Putnam Phalanx.

Col. Irish, of Gov. Buckingham's Staff, was called upon to respond, which he did by a summons upon Hon. H. C. Deming, of Hartford, who spoke as follows:

SPEECH OF ASSISTANT COMMISSARY DEMING.

Colonel Commandant and Gentlemen:—I supposed that my friend from New London was too much of a Soldier, and also too much of an Orator, to call upon a Soldier to play the part of an Orator; more especially, a heavy Infantry Soldier, exhausted by an arduous Campaign.

There are certain Occupations which, when united in the same Individual, are congenial and harmonious, and certain other Occupations, Professions and Trades which, when united in the same Individual, are uncongenial and inharmonious. The profession of Preacher and Lecturer is of the former class, for he can lecture his sermons and preach his lectures; so of the Banker and Broker, for the Broker can shave notes with the bills which the Banker manufactures by the wholesale; the butcher and boarding-house keeper have certain affinities, for the boarding-house keeper can use the unfaleable joints of the butcher. I have heard it intimated too, that the dog-fancier and sausage-maker may be profitably united in the same individual, and some malignant cynic has asserted, (I hope the Surgeons of the different Battalions will pardon me for repeating the scandal,) that the Doctor and Undertaker should always be united.

The most uncongenial and inharmonious blending, however, which in my experience I ever discovered in the same Individual, is that of Soldier and Orator—particularly if you chance to be a Soldier in a heavy Infantry Company.

The Orator must think; but what chance is there of thinking when the small modicum of mind with which you are endowed is altogether engrossed in attempting to keep step, or in catching it after it is lost—a manœuvre consummately perplexing to me.—The Orator must have breath, but what breath is left in a heavy Infantry Orator after a five miles march. “Action, action, action,” we are told by the chief of Orators, the Orator must have, but what action is left in a “Ph’lanx” Orator after these long marches and countermarches, and the taking of Boston and Charlestown by storm. Were I here as an Orator, I should attempt (though I presume unsuccessfully,) to do my *devoir* as an Orator; but I *am* here as a Soldier, and wish to be judged by you, Mr. Governor, and Colonel Commandant, by the perfection of my equipments and the precision of my drill.

For these reasons, my friend of Gov. Buckingham’s Staff must not expect to shove off his appropriate Duties on to my worn-out martial energies. I supposed he was too correct a Soldier to attempt it; it is not according to the Steuben drill, nor has such an attempt been made since the “Ph’lanx” was an Institution.

My friend from New London has also called upon the *Hon.* Henry C. Deming to respond to this toast—an error into which I hardly expected so exact a Tactician would fall. We have no such handles

to our names in the Military. If there is anybody with that rather uncommon prefix, he ought to be at home attending to his business, and not trooping round the Country in regimentals. It is the Assistant Commissary of the Putnam Phalanx that you see before you—Lieut. Henry C. Deming.

Providence must either be one of the most agreeable places in the World, or I chance to light upon it in its happiest moods, and to meet all its pleasiest People. The aspect of things about the Depot impresses the stranger favorably. The Area there is spacious, and was to-day certainly sufficient *airy*; the Streets are all wide and well paved, the gutters bridged at the crosswalks with these neat and convenient iron coverings; the Pavements are broad and smooth, and clean and well curbed;—I call upon our Superintendent of Streets to make note of this. The Houses have a comfortable look, and the whole City the appearance of a permanent dwelling place instead of a temporary encampment. The Ladies are all handsome, and send handsome bouquets to eloquent Judge Advocates. The Men are all hospitable: one hurries you off to his house, and before you have fairly picked your teeth another gathers you into his. Your Institutions of Learning, of Humanity and Philanthropy, your Colleges, your Libraries, your Military Companies, particularly the First Light Infantry Company and your Old Veteran Guard—your steam fire engines, your palaces of industry, filled to overflowing with life, and dextrous and semi-vitalized machinery; your men too—your Browns, Greenes, Anthonys, Waylands, Sears—everything I see around me in this beautiful City is such as to fill the measure of the grandest municipal Ambition.

But it is not these superficial Beauties which turn the thoughtful traveller and the student of human progress to Providence. Here was the Birth-place and Cradle of one of the greatest reforms in opinion and practice that ever showered benediction on the human race. Why, Sir, this round World of ours was old and hoary and seared with crime, before it was discovered that Opinion and Conscience should be free. And where was Toleration first born and first practiced? Not in the Master States of Antiquity. Not amid the schools and groves of Athens; witness the first great Master of intellectual Freedom taking the poisoned cup from the weeping Jailor! Not in Rome; for the whole History of ancient and modern Rome is one of Persecution. Not in France, before or after the Bastille, nor in Eng-

land before or since the Reformation. It was not brought to this new Hemisphere by those who persecuted Quakers and banished Baptists. Here it was born, here in your City of Providence: and here, I pray, it may be forever most religiously protected.

But the sentiment to which Col. Irish—a Soldier off duty, and a *light* Infantry one also—should have responded, calls me to Connecticut. If I could amend the sentiment so that it should read—"The State of Connecticut—The Mother of a numerous and distinguished progeny, some of the *hugest* of whom are to be found in the Putnam Phalanx," I could prove the proposition, demonstratively, upon the spot. I would make *profert* of our Standard-bearer, and "rest." But seriously, I have nothing new to tell little Rhody, our nearest neighbor, of any of our Heroes, moral or military. Of Putnam, too, the merely festive nature of this Occasion permits me to say but a word.

If Connecticut had foreseen her Future from 1745 to the Revolutionary period, and made for herself a Hero, she would have forever forfeited her repute for practical common-sense, if she had not made precisely such an one as Israel Putnam. The style of Hero which those Thirty Years demanded, was essentially military, for Wars and Convulsions decisive of our Destiny were distinctly prognosticated, and yet a military Hero that was adapted to our peculiar wants, graded to our scale, and willing to make himself generally useful. We were a feeble Folk, far away in the backwoods, just opening a stingy soil to tillage, just beginning to raise Crops enough for Home consumption, with naught but homespun manufactures, with the meagrest foreign Commerce, in wholesome fear of Indian massacre—for in 1746 the tomahawk and scalping-knife had been freely used within a few hours' march of our Borders—environed with French settlements and posts, and at times in imminent danger of vassalage to the house of Bourbon, and liable to requisitions from our own Sovereign Liege whenever the Wars of European ambition kindled into flames his American Dominions. What this little frugal Colony, with its narrow theatre and diminutive operations, could have done with a Hero of more magnificent and colossal proportions—an Alexander, a Cromwell, a Napoleon—except to offer itself up as one meal to his insatiate maw, it is impossible to conceive. We craved a Hero of dauntless pluck, of unwearisome endurance, shrewd, generous, self-abnegating, fertile in expedients, with more Genius for forest Warfare than for pitched Bat-

ties and complicated Campaigns—a Man of muscle and might and will, capable of intense wrath and invincible obstinacy, who could bend or break into military subordination and trustful self-surrender, the Connecticut levies, raw, verdant, awkward as Soldiers, but independent and self-complacent as Freeholders, while under his stubborn and imperious rule they were marched to Ticonderoga, or Frontenac, or Havana, or wherever else His Majesty chose to order them; and, after the Campaign was over and the Troops discharged, could render an exact and conscientious account of receipts and disbursements to the Commissioners of the Pay Table. We wanted a Hero shaped more like a Cincinnatus than a Cæsar, who in the breathing times of Peace, could join his Fellow-citizens in productive industry, and support the Gospel, and sit in the General Assembly, no useless drone in our hive, no barnacle on our poor treasury—a Hero who, in the fullness of time, when petitions, prayers and remonstrances had all failed, and our Inborn Rights and Privileges were brought to the arbitrament of the Battle-field, held in himself a sufficient volume of slumbering Courage and martial Enthusiasm to electrify our whole People, and dared to lead a sturdy Yeomanry where any dared to follow. The Model Man whom our Era and Environments craved was none of your imperial Spirits who bend all Mankind into homage and condemn the civil power and cross Rubicons, and convulse the World, but a Shield and Sword to an infant Commonwealth in a steady struggle with untamed Nature, and with savage and civilized Foes, the Farmer that could subdue the stubbornest glebe, the Hunter that could cope with its most formidable beasts of prey, the Ranger that could banish the terror of the Indian, and give security to the Traveller in the forest, the Laborer in the field, and the Child in the cradle, the advanced Guard on the Canadian war path, behind whom the Women and the Children could sleep secure, the trusted Leader who could hold our untried Plowmen to a breastwork of hay through three assaults from British Grenadiers.

It has always seemed to me that the ante-Revolutionary services of Putnam, in many respects most remarkable, have been dimmed by the more familiar glare of his Revolutionary exploits. The importance of the first of these Wars, in evolving the destiny of Humanity on this Continent, has also been obscured by the more palpable significance of what we call, *par excellence*, the War of Independence. They were both wars of independence—the one of independence

from the Gallic race and the reactionary influences of cotemporary Gallic civilization; the other, of independence from the fetters which the narrow bigotry of the English Colonial System imposed upon Commerce, Manufactures and Trade, and also, from the Parliamentary usurpations of our Motherland. In that minute segment of time that separates the Peace of '63 from the Battle of Lexington, the whole future of the Western Hemisphere lay "like unborn forests in an acorn cup." In that old War which expelled from this Continent the French, and the feudal barbarities they were planting here, no Regular, not even Wolfe, no Provincial not excepting Washington, played a more conspicuous and imposing part than Israel Putnam. Had he lived in the early days of Greece and Rome when human knowledge was transmitted by tradition, he would have been regarded, so Herculean were his warlike labors, as a Myth, a Child rather of Fable than of History. He plunged with Williams of Williamstown into the bloody defile where that dauntless Philanthropist fell; he struggled with Lyman for his dearly bought victory over Dieskau; he received the dying Lord Howe in his arms before the fatal breast work of Ticonderoga; he marched with Bradstreet to Presque Isle, and when Spain became a party to the strife, he served under Albermarle in the West Indies, and scratched from the crevices of the rocky soil the earth on which the Siege Artillery was planted that thundered against Havana. He marched with Amherst to Montreal by the roundabout way of the New York wilderness, Lake Ontario and the river St. Lawrence. What would the Phalanx say to a march like that!

The part of this large field, thus hastily sketched in outline, which Putnam most bountifully filled in with his peculiar and characteristic Audacity, was that region of unsurpassed natural beauty where, on the side of France, Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and on that of England, Fort William Henry and Edward, stand as sentinels at the gateway of the Canadas, and Lake George and the head-waters of the Hudson lie in the embrace of mountains. Take a point at the foot of Lake George, and sweep round it a circle with some ten or twelve miles radius, and you will scarcely find a square foot of earth that has not been pressed by the foot, nor a reach of water that has not been cut by the oar of old Put.

These and his Revolutionary services constitute his claim upon the everlasting Gratitude of that Colony to which he was the military right Arm for more than twenty-five years. And what has our Colo-

ny done to reward such services? Built a small box of granite over his Remains and covered it with a cheap stone now broken and defaced. The greatest Pride of my connection with this Putnam Phalanx is not in the Military laurels it has just won, but in my knowledge that the Determination is living and burning in the breast of many of its Members, to build over these Immortal Ashes, a Monument, not altogether incommensurate with our obligations, not altogether unworthy his world-wide Fame.

Third regular toast—

The Senate of the United States—May Dignity and Integrity ever characterize the Councils of this, one of the most influential Political Bodies in the World.

Music—"STAR-SPANGLED BANNER."

Responded to by *Hon. James F. Simmons*, of the United States Senate.

Fourth regular toast—

The City of Providence—Her Workshops, her Factories, and her Warehouses afford the best Evidence of her Prosperity.

Music—"TWILIGHT DEWS."

His Honor Jabez B. Knight, *Mayor* of Providence, responded to the above sentiment.

MAYOR KNIGHT'S ADDRESS.

Mr. Commander.:—I am very glad of this opportunity to extend to your Guests upon this Occasion, the Officers and Members of the Putnam Phalanx, a cordial Welcome to our City, and in behalf of my Fellow-citizens to express the pleasure which their presence here gives us all.

Gentlemen, we have often heard of your Association, and of your efficiency and discipline as a Military Body, and as the Chief Magistrate of our City, I offer you such Hospitalities and Attention as we can bestow. Our Citizens have looked forward to this Day with

more than ordinary interest, and I speak the general feeling when I tell you they are highly gratified, not only with seeing you here, but pleased to do all in their power to make your visit pleasant and agreeable. We are honored by your presence, Gentlemen, and we wish you to feel at home among us, and trust you will enjoy your visit here. We are honored with the presence of the Chief Magistrate of your City, His Honor Mayor Allyn; to him I would extend a heartfelt and an earnest Welcome to our City, and I beg leave to assure him that we are happy to see him here. We had many reasons for desiring to see you. You have among you many Gentlemen to whom we are indebted for kindnesses and attentions in times past. The intercourse between your City and ours, and between your Citizens and ours, since the opening of the Railroad, has been intimate and friendly; and I desire to tender to you my congratulations upon the high position your City maintains, and for the Prosperity and Success which have always attended her. Her Institutions are among the best in the Land; the Industry and Enterprise of her Citizens are not surpassed anywhere. I trust she will continue to extend and increase in usefulness, and in all that pertains to her Welfare and to the Happiness of her People. You have with you, also, those who have occupied positions of honor and trust in Public Affairs; Gentlemen who have made their names honored abroad and at home; whose services have been of great value to their Country and to their Home. To all I bid a cordial and heartfelt Welcome.

In conclusion, permit me to express the hope that the Cities of Hartford and Providence, which are bound together with Bands of Iron, may be still more closely cemented by the Ties of Friendship, and enjoy a further and better acquaintance.

At this point of the proceedings *ex-Mayor* Rodman rose and presented to the Phalanx a fragment of the Roger Williams rock, with the following appropriate remarks:

While I sat listening to the eloquent remarks of the Gentleman from Hartford, as he spoke of the Memories of our Revolutionary History, the thought presented itself to my mind, that the richest of all the mental powers, is Memory. How we love to revel in its sunshine,

Gentlemen. How we joy to go back to the Hours of Childhood and to live over again its frolic and its fun, and how all along the pathway of Life, this Power cheers and enlivens the Soul. In our hours of despondency how it awakens reflection, and we walk down through memory's Picture Gallery and by the aid of that strange, mysterious power of separation, we veil the dark and gloomy, and linger long and lovingly before those that glow all around with the Spring-like Garlands of Affection and of Hope. Such a Picture is now present to my mind; and my Brothers of the Infantry well know to what I allude. I speak of that visit to Hartford, a few years since, which can never fade from our Memories so long as the Revolutionary Memories there awakened by the same lips which have thrilled you this Evening, are thrilling and echoing through our chambers of delightful recollection.

You well recollect, Brethren of the Infantry, that on our arrival in Hartford, the honorable Gentleman led us up to one of those Old Monuments of the Past, ever present to our Memory by this Gift before you, (a piece of the old Charter Oak in a glass case and suitably inscribed, and presented to the Infantry some years since by Mr. Stuart.) Just before our arrival there, that old forest Monarch had fallen to the Earth.

Our Fathers found it standing there, and there in obedience to the request of the Red Man it was permitted to stand, for when it put forth its leaves in the Spring-time he knew it was the hour to plant the maize; and thus it stood secure from the vandalism of Civilization, because the Savage pleaded for it;—and for—oh how holy a purpose was it preserved. The hand of your own Wadsworth consecrated it, when he placed beneath, and within it, that old Charter to which my Brother has so gracefully alluded in connection with our own. It is prostrate now—but it fell like a true Hero. It succumbed only to Death. Storms assailed it—the Lightning madly hurtled around it; but it defied their every assault—and only by the gradual decay of Age, and beneath the corroding touch of Time, did it yield its power, and then fell full of years, clothed with all the memories of our Nation's life. Like Royalty in ruins, that old King lay before us, and to perpetuate the memory of so illustrious a Landmark in the pathway of our Liberty and our Progress, this fragment of the Charter Oak was presented to the First Light Infantry, by our honored Friend.

What return can we make to the Putnam Phalanx, my Brethren,

for such a Gift? What can we present as a counterpart to it? With your permission, Mr. Commandant, in the name and in behalf of the First Light Infantry Company, I present you with this fragment of "Roger Williams Rock," upon which I have taken the liberty of inscribing—"THIS FRAGMENT OF ROGER WILLIAMS ROCK IS PRESENTED TO THE PUTNAM PHALANX, OF HARTFORD, CONN., BY THE FIRST LIGHT INFANTRY COMPANY OF PROVIDENCE, R. I., OCTOBER 6TH, 1859."

As that Charter Oak stood upon your soil as a Memorial of our Fathers, so, Sir, that consecrated old Rock still remains on the borders of our State, and that Rock, Sir, felt the first foot-fall of the white man when he came here preaching that Liberty which not only burst the shackles which bind the Body, but which should fet the Soul of man free to worship God, here and throughout the World, from that time forth, forever.

Hallowed as are the memories of your Charter Oak, and hallowed as the associations are of this Pilgrim Rock, and as pleasant as it would be to indulge them now; I am admonished by the flying moments that I must pause.

More I need not say, and Sir, so long as the memory of that Oak lives, so long as that Rock exists upon the bosom of the Earth, and so long as that fragment defies the corroding touch of Time, so long may these Memories mingle and intermingle, and may they continue thus to strengthen the bond of Union that exists between fellow States, until not the Stars in our Flag, but until yonder Spheres fall from the starry Concave, and the Sun goes out in the blackness of everlasting Night.

Mr. Commandant, I had purposed speaking in a more playful strain, but the sterner prompting has ruled my utterance, and withholding, that which would make it fully appropriate, I offer you, in closing, the following sentiment:—

The Name and the Fame of gallant "Old Put,"
Who never would halt for an "if" or a "but,"
But all through his Life regarded it crime,
When the order was "march," to ever "mark time."

MR. STUART'S REPLY.

Worthy Mr. Rodman, said the *Judge Advocate*, immediately rising—No Gift more acceptable could have been presented to the Putnam Phalanx than that with which you have just now surprised and hon-

ored us—and in behalf of the Putnam Phalanx I sincerely thank you for it. It clusters deeply interesting Affociations—for in the same year in which your Roger Williams, in a little canoe—“every stroke of whose paddle removed him farther and farther from every vestige of Civilization”—crossed the Seekonk to found your City of Providence, our venerable Hooker and Haynes crossed the great River of Connecticut to found Hartford. Himself, and the first Governor of our State, were warm personal Friends. They were allied in taste—were alike benignant—were joint lovers of Liberty—and, what is especially beautiful in the lives of both, were each earnest Advocates of those great Principles of religious Toleration which have ever signally distinguished Rhode Island.

The shadow of that mighty Oak, of which this fragment before me is a memorializing specimen, was upon Hooker and Haynes and the Companions of their Emigration, when first they set up their Tabernacle in the then Wilderness of Hartford. That Rock, of which you have now so handsomely bestowed upon our Battalion a memorializing piece, received, in the then Wilderness of Providence, the first footfall of the Founder of your State. The two Specimens then, under this view, are beautifully and sublimely associated.

But the Charter Oak, Sir, is particularly memorable under another view. When, far back in the olden time, New England was suffering from a bitter Oppression—when here in your State, the usurper Andros seized your precious Charter, and broke into fragments your Colonial Seal—that Monarch Tree from which the section on your table comes—thanks to the heroic Wadsworth—saved in our State the fifter-Charter to your own. It protected it until the usurpation was past—and its leaves rustled with joy, the birds sang amid its foliage, when a virtual Declaration of Independence, at the Patriotic uprising of the People in Boston and the adjacent Towns, put an end to the Tyranny of the Day.

That Declaration, good Sir, was the first of its kind that ever broke the silence of the New World. It was the noble Precursor, near two Centuries ago, of another Declaration with which Rhode Island is especially associated—and I know not how, *Commissary* Rodman, I can now better signify to you, on the part of our Major Commandant and his Battalion, our sense of the value of the Gift you have just bestowed, than by returning to you the triumphant Fact in the History of your State, that you here of Rhode Island were the first peo-

ple upon the American Continent to follow up that remarkable Declaration to which I have just referred.

Yes, Sir, by an Act of your General Assembly, in May, 1776, which is *prior* in date to that of any other of the same Character that was passed by any other one of the American Colonies, you here, by repealing a former Act which secured the allegiance of Rhode Island to the King, virtually declared yourselves free and independent of British power. You struck out the King's name and Authority from all your Civil, Judicial, and Military Processes and Commissions, and substituting in lieu thereof "the Governor and Company" of sovereign Rhode Island, you sustained this your own Declaration of Independence, and the subsequent Declaration by the United Colonies with a Courage that was untiring, and a Fidelity that never swerved.

We of Connecticut, Sir, had long prided *ourselves* on having given to the World the first virtual Declaration of Independence in our Land, during the Revolutionary era, in the Instructions to our Delegates in Congress which were passed by our General Assembly on the fourteenth of *June*, 1776. That Repealing Act of yours, however, to which I have referred, passed your General Assembly in *May* of the same year. It preceded us—and Sir, by way of historic return for the valuable gift from your Battalion, the Putnam Phalanx yields from old Connecticut to your State the honor of having been the first among the Old Thirteen Colonies to declare herself free and independent of royal Sovereignty. We yield the glorious Laurel from this source, and *place it on the brow of gallant Rhode Island!*

Fifth regular toast—

The Old Guard—They unite with us in the warmest manifestations of Welcome to that noble body of Citizen Soldiery, the Putnam Phalanx.

Musical—"ROAD TO BOSTON."

Geo. W. Pettes, Esq., of Boston, was introduced by the Toast-Master and responded to the sentiment in the following effusion:

I am sorry that you, Sir, should open on *me* so,
For I learned, Years ago, what is *ordered* must *be* so—
There are many good Reasons why I should reject
The condition to speak, in the way you expect.

“Unaccustomed in public,” &c., &c.,
 Of course, I intended, uncalled for, to go forth,
 As like *all* the rest, I came only to hear,
 And promptly decline when required to appear.
 Besides, I’ve a cold, and can’t talk very clearly,
 And I fear the crack Speakers who follow me nearly;
 And I havn’t had Time, and in fine, I must say, Sir,
 That drinking dry Toast’s not at all in my way, Sir.

How much better ’twould be then to call up a rocket,
 Who has fire in his head, and a match in his pocket;
 Or to pick out some Member who knows what he’s at,
 With *no* cold in his head, and no brick in his hat.
 Now, though I have laid the satirical lash on
 The mass of apologies most in the fashion,
 There remains the grand Reason why I should be spared
 You’ll please to observe, Sir, *I came unprepared.*

I believe when he’s up, the Apologist talks on
 With the ease that a Blondin a solid rope walks on,
 And *this* style, as well as the rest, I must follow,
 Or you may declare my Pretensions are hollow.

I’ll tell you two stories, to History known
 With some trifling *addenda*, but that is my own.

The royal Darius, one sunshiny day,
 Drew up his Battalions in battle array
 And proud of the Sight, told a veteran Greek,
 Charidemus by name, of their merit to speak.

And these are the words that the Warrior affayed—
 “This Army so vast, so superbly arrayed,
 May boast its bright Jewels, may glitter in Gold,
 That the worth of habiliment cannot be told.
 But it owns not the Discipline, Honor, or Worth,
 Of the simply equipped, but courageous of Earth.
 And vain are the gewgaws, and vain is the show
 Of those that nor Skill nor Integrity know;
 And vain to oppose with effeminate zeal
 The Phalanx of Macedon, gleaming in steel.”

At the Court of Darius we cannot appear;
 Charidemus is dust, and no Persians are here.

And the reign of the brave Macedonian is o'er,
But the words of the Grecian shall live evermore.

When Xerxes advanced to Thermopylæ's strait,
The valiant Three Hundred advised him to wait;
But he cared not to listen to aught that they said,
And let twenty thousand good Persians be bled.
There fell the Three Hundred, but never to die
While the Sea rolls its waves, or the Stars stud the sky.

Oh! if Colt could have furnished Leonidas then
With his patent Revolvers, that handful of Men
Could have built of the Persian's long arrows and spears
A bridge, on approved cosmopolitan piers.

I'll just venture to say, in a little aside,
A word of some weight, that will tickle your Pride.
We are not informed of the width of the Pass
That Leonidas kept, but however it was,
Though you cannot stand in Leonidas' place,
You may happen to be in a similar case;
And in order to save all the rest from mishap,
You might chuck in an Ensign to fill up the gap.

I would that I had, as your Honor has, skill—
I know you're *Ex-Mayor* but we *honor* you still.
To present in its most meritorious mood
Our truthful regard for the Fair and the Good.

That Collation, "got up" in such exquisite sense,
With no kind of regard to time, trouble, expense,
Was eaten by us, with commendable Grace,
And the sunlight of Pleasure illumined each Face.
But the countenance mirrors or falsifies part
Of the genuine impulse that reigns in the Heart.
For one thing was wanting. It's hard to remind
A Committee, most truly, proverbially, kind,
That we needed some object, not ready at hand.
Methinks that I hear them of *me*, make demand—
Pray, what would you have, Sir, were not the meats good?
Et cetera, et cetera, of questions a flood—

This solicitude anxious, I haste to relieve—
The Garden of Eden was sad without Eve.

But even as he who receives a rare Prize,
 Which for Reasons judicious was hid from his eyes,
 Rejoices the more when permitted to gaze
 On what had withdrawn its magnificent Blaze,
 So our Joy is complete in the beautiful fight
 Which the Box of *our* theatre offers to-night.

May I speak with more precision
 To these Gentlemen in buff;
 Or is it your Decision
 That I have said enough?
 At my lines that were satirical
 They smiled in merry Mood;
 And some Stanzas that are lyrical
 May suit a sorer mood.

Honor to them who bravely stood,
 While yet their Realm was young,
 And drew the keen, defiant Blade,
 Or spoke with fearless Tongue.

Proud History calls her lengthened Roll
 Of Patriots and Peers;
 And brighter gleams the shining Scroll,
 As fly the added years.

Rhode Island tells with honest pride
 Of him, her noble Son,
 Great in the Council, and the Field,
 The friend of Washington—
 Connecticut presents her claim
 To many a sacred leaf,
 And boasts the pure and brilliant Fame
 Of him her Hero-chief.

A health unto Connecticut
 The Land that honors toil—

A welcome to her gallant Sons
 Who tread Rhode Island's foil—
 Come Brothers, braid a laurel Wreath
 Here, at our festive scene,
 To circle round the deathless Names
 Of Putnam and of Greene.

The Toast-master announced that he had received from *Hon. Wm. W. Hoppin*, ex-Gov. of Rhode Island, *Hon. John Pitman*, U. S. District Judge, *John Whipple, Esq.*, one of the oldest and ablest members of the Rhode Island bar, *Hon. Wm. R. Staples*, ex-Judge of the Supreme Court, *E. N. Hazard, Esq.*, and many other prominent Gentlemen of Providence, responses of regret at their inability to accept the invitation to be present and join in the festivities of the Occasion. A portion of the Letters read are appended :

FROM EX-GOV. HOPPIN.

Providence, Oct. 10th, 1859.

GENTLEMEN:—I returned to the City on Saturday afternoon last, and this morning find upon my desk your polite invitation to attend the Levee at Pratt's Hall, given in honor of the Putnam Phalanx. I regret that the non-reception of your note should have prevented my being present at the Banquet, and especially so, as Mr. Stuart and other Gentlemen of the Phalanx are friends of mine, and whom to have met on so pleasant an Occasion would have been mutually agreeable.

I congratulate you upon the Success of your Entertainment and all the Ceremonies of the Reception, which were alike distinguished by superior Taste and a large hearted Hospitality.

Very truly Yours,

W. W. HOPPIN.

TO	WM. W. BROWN,	} Committee.
	L. C. WARNER,	
	E. C. DAVIS,	
	H. STAPLES,	
	F. J. SHELDON,	

FROM HON. JOHN PITMAN.

Providence, Oct. 6th, 1859.

GENTLEMEN:—I thank you for your polite invitation to the Levee of the First Light Infantry in honor of the Putnam Phalanx, this evening. It would afford me much pleasure to attend on this Occasion, but I have found it necessary for my health for several years, to decline all invitations to Evening Parties, and regret therefore, that I must request that you will have me excused.

I am very respectfully,

Your Obedient Servant,

JOHN PITMAN.

TO WM. W. BROWN,	} Committee.
L. C. WARNER,	
E. C. DAVIS,	
H. STAPLES,	
F. J. SHELDON,	

FROM JOHN WHIPPLE, ESQ.

Committee of the First Light Infantry, Providence, R. I.

GENTLEMEN:—I most truly regret that temporary ill health will prevent my being present at the reception of our Military friends from Connecticut. I regret this the more as Connecticut is one of my beau ideal States, and her People generally approaching a little nearer my Standard of a plain but strong, intellectual and moral People than any that I find in ancient or modern History. I should feel proud in doing honor to any portion of the Representatives of such a People, more especially to that portion ready at any moment to fall in the front Ranks, and pour out their blood to its last drop in Defence of New England men, New England law, and New England freedom.

I am, Gentlemen, most respectfully Yours,

JOHN WHIPPLE.

Providence, 5th October, 1859.

FROM HON. W. R. STAPLES.

Providence, Oct. 6th, 1859.

GENTLEMEN:—It would afford me great pleasure to attend the Levee of the First Light Infantry this evening, if I were burdened with fewer Years, or blessed with better Health. As it is, please ex-

cuse my absence and accept my best wishes that the Infantry may on this and all other Occasions meet with the Success they richly merit.

With many thanks for your polite invitation,

I am, Gentlemen, your Corp'l,

W. R. STAPLES.

Col. W. W. BROWN and others,

Commander F. L. Infantry.

FROM E. N. HAZARD, ESQ.

Providence, Oct. 6th, 1859.

GENTLEMEN:—Owing to my absence, your note of 3d did not reach me till this morning. Nothing would have given me greater Pleasure than to have been present at your most patriotic and joyous Festival.

From all that I read and hear of the Occasion, it was well worthy the time-honored and justly merited Reputation of the First Light Infantry. The Corps, in thus adding another bond of strength to the fast growing friendship between the two beautiful Cities of New England, have gained much high praise. The Corps, in this distinguished act of State Courtesy and generous Hospitality, deserve well, not only of Providence and Rhode Island, but of all New England. It has done more to cement the Ties of Brotherhood and good feeling between Connecticut and Rhode Island than any other one thing in the last quarter of a Century. This spirit of cordial, friendly Intercourse should be nurtured and cherished. The time may come when it will be needed in action as it was in '76.

Please accept for yourself and your associates my most respectful regards.

Your Obedient Servant,

E. N. HAZARD.

To Col. WM. W. BROWN,

and others of the Committee.

To the sentiment "*The Clergy*," the Rev. Asher Moore, Chaplain to the Putnam Phalanx, responded as follows:

Mr. Commandant:—I stand here in a position which properly belongs to another. The voice of your own Chaplain should have been heard, in response to the toast just given, before the utterance of a word by your present Speaker. But I still cheerfully obey the call

that has been made upon me. I suppose that the Programme of the Occasion would be deemed incomplete, without the sound of the Chaplain's voice, and an exhibition of his venerable person.

You now see before you the first Chaplain of the Putnam Phalanx in full costume, with the exception of his Chapeau. If my Grandchildren (and I have one,) cannot look back with pride and trace their Ancestry to the illustrious Hero whose name we bear, they can at least glory in the fact that their Grandfather was the first Chaplain of the Putnam Phalanx.

My venerable person is sacredly guarded and protected by the valiant Man who is always at my left hand, that I should not be moved. He is not permitted to draw his sword for warlike purposes except in defence of the Chaplain. And he is therefore quick to perceive the approach of danger in this particular direction. Why, Sir, if any rude Affailant should come towards me with threatening Aspect, exposing my venerable person to the smallest danger, my redoubtable left hand Man would instantly unsheath his sword, and wield it with tremendous Valor, and some—*noise*.

Sir, it was my fortune to be born and reared under the shadow of Independence Hall. I early caught the Spirit of Freedom and a deep love for my Country. And to this day I have regarded Patriotism as one of the noblest virtues of an American Citizen. I do not belong to that class of the Clergy who stand in the High Places of the Church, and "make it their earnest work and daily toil" to abuse our Country, and to revile the Government by which we are all protected in our persons, in our liberties, and in our pursuits of happiness! With such "*Reformers*" I hold no fellowship. And I am happy whenever a fitting occasion offers to "lift up a Standard against them," and to repudiate their "*reforms*."

Let our People, and especially our Children and Youth, be taught to appreciate our National blessings. Let the Pulpit, as in the olden time, be numbered among the sure Defences of our beloved Country. Let Religion and Patriotism be one and inseparable. Let the several members of this great Confederacy ever constitute The *United States* of America. And may God, the high and mighty Ruler of Heaven and Earth, ever bless "this land of the Free and home of the Brave."

In conclusion he offered the following sentiment:

The City of Providence—Though presided over by Knight, may it glow even in the light of the noontide Sun of Prosperity and Peace.

The Chaplain having, as will be noted, pointedly alluded to the Surgeon of the Phalanx and his valiant Sword and noisy defence of his (the Chaplain's) person—and the Toast-master, too, having called for something on the minor key, Dr. Miner promptly responded:

"Every word," he commenced by saying, "of this excellent Chaplain is replete with Eloquence and Erudition. At Bunker Hill his words were as cogent as those of Cicero. To-night he has exhibited a little of that keen Satire which Lawyers sometimes use, and that can only be discovered by the twinkle of the left eye—all of which was evidently designed to bring Surgeon Miner to his feet and the Platform. All who know me are aware that I am not a Speech-maker. The sphere of my activities has ever been devoted to other and different objects. I am the only Member of the Putnam Phalanx who has had the honor of being connected with your University—having been graduated in the Medical Department in 1824. I am quite familiar with your classic Halls and classic *Hills*, and all the beauties of Nature and Art that surround you. With regard to my military History, I refer you to the Bureau of Pensions, at Washington, where you will find my name amongst those who have received pensions in Bounty Lands for volunteer services to our Country in the War of 1812.

I have had the special charge of the Putnam Phalanx for the past six months as the "Medicine-man of the Tribe." In our good old-fashioned plain way of living, I have had no difficulty in preserving their Health—as you see; and the Corps have always, to a man, been ready for Duty, until we arrived in Boston. There, owing to that extravagant and bountiful course of living, to which the plain Yeomanry of Connecticut were unaccustomed, three of our Corps were prostrated. Three times, therefore, was the Surgeon called from his retirement to prescribe *secundem artem* for the sick list. Believing, as I always have, that the best Mode for quelling any Insurrection or Invasion, whether by disease or otherwise, is, first to fire Bullets and afterwards Blank-cartridges, I always adopt this course; and if I do not dislodge the Enemy on the second charge I am no longer the Surgeon of the Putnam Phalanx.

We have been told in Boston, "how sweet it is to die for one's

Country.” In this matter I have had no experience; but I know how glorious it is to *live* for one’s Country, especially when we live as we are living now.

I am happy now to present to you every Member of this Organization in good Health and fit for Duty—ready to do Battle at any and all times whenever our Country shall require our services; and I assure you that at the end of the Battle, every Man of the Phalanx will be found at his Post, either among the Dead or the Living.

Dr. McKnight, of Providence, also responded for the Doctors, in the following words:

REMARKS OF DR. MCKNIGHT.

Col. Brown, and Gentlemen of the Putnam Phalanx:—There will be no doubt in any of your minds, after I have done speaking, that I tell you the truth when I say I am entirely unprepared to make a speech on an Occasion like this. The fact is, I feel now as did the Irishman under similar circumstances, and like him, I would be willing to hold anybody’s hat who would speak for me. Another reason may be given for a poor Speech at this time of night, and that is, that all the best Thunder has been used up. Why *Colonel*, I can just call the names right out of Gentlemen present who said just exactly what I might, could or would have said, had I been fortunate enough to have preceded them.

And why it is that we poor Doctors are always, on Occasions like this, called upon last, is more than I can tell. One consolation we have at any rate, that there *has been* a time in all your lives, when the Doctor was the first man to be called for, and when, for the time being, he became “Sir Oracle.”

Although the best Thunder has been effectually used up, it is not too late for me to offer in the name of the First Light Infantry, the right Hand of Fellowship to our Friends from Connecticut, and bid you a Soldier’s hearty welcome to our festive board.

Our Southern Friends have often sneeringly alluded to yours, as the Nutmeg State; if so, then all the States south of Mason’s and Dixon’s line, combined, would not be cute enough to make a grater.

This is not the place, nor am I the man, to review her History;—abler hands than mine have given us, in pictures of living light, memories of her Statesmen, Warriors, Orators and Poets, which time will

only serve to make brighter; let me, in passing, speak of another class whose memories also shall endure while Time shall be measured by the Dial-plate and pendulum. I mean her world-renowned Mechanics.

Among them all, none have a more world-wide fame than a member of your own Company, and it may not be improper in this place, to name one who has settled more disputes, in Love and War, by the weight of his arguments, than any other living man; for who, with a prospect of a bullet in from Colt, would wait for his kicks, before—like Captain Scott's coon, he came down. And if "Brevity is the soul of wit," then too, he is a witty man; for his reports, though sometimes repeated, are never long, and his prescriptions simple and efficacious as our friend Surgeon Miner's, only a small powder and a little pill, and like the Surgeon's, sure to kill twice out of three times.

I don't think I ever regretted being born where I was, until our late visit to Norwich, and then I came to the conclusion that a man might just as well not have been born at all, as to have been born outside of Connecticut. And why? In the first place there was Governor B., (probably a descendant of the gentleman who was made a head shorter by Richard 3d,) who was born there, and was very glad of it; then our good Governor Turner, (may his shadow never be less) had an Aunt born there, (the Governor says to-night twins, and I cheerfully make this correction for the benefit of posterity, in case they should ever want to *re*-Turner,) and he was glad of it; and finally our worthy Mayor went all the way from Rhode Island to Connecticut on purpose to be born there, and as that was the first great thing he had done he was more pleased than both Governors put together, though I don't see that it amounted to much, for it was Knight after all, and couldn't have made much difference. So after hearing all these things, and seeing how much people made by being born in Connecticut, and how big some of them grow, (*vide* the Ensign of the Phalanx,) and how tall some of them are, (*vide* the Major of ditto,) and what an everlasting clever set of Fellows they all are, and how pleased they all are that they were born in Connecticut, I made up my mind that if I ever was born again, it should be in Connecticut, and somewhere in the neighborhood of Norwich or Hartford.

And now, Gentlemen, as there are lots of thunder left to be discharged, I beg leave to close with the following sentiment:

Col. Colt—The Author of a new and convincing style of Epistol-ary Correspondence.

Geo. H. Clark, Esq., of Hartford, (who was with the Phalanx at Boston, but was obliged to return home without accompanying them to Providence,) sent the following poetical Toast for this Occasion:

Fill up to the Name of our own noble Hero—
 The man who delighted in Danger to revel;
 Who hated old Gage as the Romans did Nero,
 And feared neither Tyrant, nor she-wolf, nor devil,
 To Him who leapt chafins that paled old Campaigners;
 Whose Sword, like the Lightning, flashed Death and Dismay;
 Whose Skill and Example turned holiday Trainers
 To the resolute Soldiers of Bunker Hill's day.
 Fill, fill to the Name of the Soldier sublime,
 Whose Fame only brightens and broadens by Time!

To the sentiment "*The Rhode Island Bar*," Benj. F. Thurston, Esq., of Providence, made an able response, and closed with the following toast:

The Bonds of the Cities of Providence and Hartford—The *Principal*, the interchange of kindly courtesies; the principal to be paid only at the expiration of Eternity: the guaranty of that interchange of kindly and generous sentiment, by that best Guerdon of Good Faith, fair and open rivalry.

A Guest offered this sentiment:

The Senate of the State of Rhode Island.

Hon. Samuel Currey, a State Senator of Rhode Island, was called upon by the Toast-master, and responded as follows:

REMARKS OF HON. SAMUEL CURREY.

Mr. Col. Commander:—I am sorry, amidst the general joy of this Occasion, to raise any voice of complaint, but I feel that I must enter my protest against the Conquest that has been made of me this evening. When a few hours since, these buff-booted Strangers entered here unarmed and took their seats beside us, I could not have imagined I was so soon to be made their Captive. I had before known something of the force of Eloquence, but I had not known what danger

there may be in the voice of a *Judge Advocate* and an *Assistant Commissary*. Truly there must be some wizard enchantment thrown over us, some magic spell, perhaps, floating in the atmosphere that we breathe in this Hall. I own myself quite overcome by the fascinations of the brilliant Oratory, the graceful Compliments to our State and her Institutions, and the yet more graceful Sentiments with which we have been entertained by your Guests. Still, Sir, if I can, for a little time, dispel the charm of these magic arts, it will give me the greatest pleasure, both on my own account and in behalf of our State Senate for which I am to speak, to unite my voice with the general Welcome which we give to the Putnam Phalanx. We are all pleased to make their acquaintance in this their martial attire, and to admire in them that Public Spirit and patience of discipline which have drawn together and formed so fine a body of Citizen Soldiers.

I have often, Sir, since our two Cities of Hartford and Providence have been brought near to each other by the iron horse, looked forward to many reunions of their people, but I had not anticipated the gratification of a visit from a Military Company embodying so much of the intelligence, character and social worth of our neighboring City. I may certainly in all sobriety say that this Martial Body of men, composed of the venerable in character and years—the Fathers of their City—the proper Representatives of all the Arts, Business and Walks of life—is a beautiful object of admiration as well as a most instructive subject of reflection. I am sure that all our People take pleasure in doing honor to such Guests. I am sure that the Chief Magistrates of our City and State, whom we see here this evening, truly represent the feelings of all the Citizens in the cordial greetings which they have given to our Friends from Hartford; and if our Legislature had happened to be in session here at this time, you would have seen the Representatives of the whole People paying respect to that conservative love of Order which has formed, and the Patriotic Spirit which animates the Putnam Phalanx.

The People of Rhode Island and their Government have had experience of the necessity, at times, of an arm of power to give strength to the voice of the Law. I remember going once as a messenger, in a crisis of our domestic History, to our late *Governor King*, to inform him of an organized resistance to the Civil Authorities. We had not at that time the admirable organization of Military Companies which is now so much the object of our just pride as well as ground of reli-

able security; and I shall never forget how that man of iron nerve and will, in view of the imminency and magnitude of the danger and the powerlessness of the Civil Magistrate, wrung his hands as he exclaimed—"I wish we had a little more force." Now it is for the purpose of providing for the State against the time in which her dark hour of danger may come, this "little more force," that these thoughtful men of Connecticut have organized themselves under the Law as Citizen Soldiers. Their martial Array and Discipline are not alone for Summer-day show and Parade. These pleasing displays have a sober meaning and useful significance. They teach us that when the hour of peril comes these men will be prepared to go forth and meet it, whether it be from a Domestic or Foreign Enemy, and that they will meet the Enemy, not as mercenary Soldiers, but as brave men having an interest of their own in the conflict.

But I am admonished, Mr. Commander, by this midnight hour not to try your patience with a Speech, and there is the less occasion for my doing it after so many eloquent addresses from the gentlemen who have preceded me. I will therefore only further say that we shall all long remember this Occasion, and long associate in our minds many pleasing recollections of an evening with the Putnam Phalanx.

Let me offer the following sentiment:

The Putnam Phalanx—Old Fogies, rivalling in the precision and activity of their martial exercises the elasticity and vigor of Young America.

The following volunteer sentiment—

Woman—The true Inspirer of true Patriotism—

Was responded to by H. L. Miller, formerly *Major* of the 1st Company Governor's Foot Guard of Connecticut, as follows:

REMARKS BY COL. H. L. MILLER.

Mr. Chairman.:—Sergeant Sill has been summoned to respond to the Toast just read. In his absence my name has been called. It is said that Sergeant Sill is with the Ladies. Happy man—I wish I was with them myself. Or rather, I wish they were with me. Or, better still, I wish they were with *us*, here at these tables, instead of being separated and shut up in yonder Gallery.

It has truly gladdened our Hearts to enjoy their presence. We have been charmed with the beautiful fight; but, oh, how delightful, if your arrangements had permitted their mingling with us, at this Festive Board.

I cannot attempt a response to the sentiment just offered, at this late hour. Indeed it is presumption in me, after the soul-stirring strains of Eloquence poured forth in such rich profusion here to-night, to even permit the sound of my voice to be heard.

The Putnam Phalanx, it is said, is a peculiar Organization, and this Excursion is for peculiar enjoyment. We *are* organized as a peculiar Battalion of Infantry, of Heavy Infantry, if you please so to designate us, and I may say, without vanity, that we bring with us some heavy Ordnance. This peculiarity I know you will admit. You have heard the roar of our Artillery. You have heard the booming of our big Guns. And now, forsooth, you would hear from the Musketry. Well, I may say for myself, and for others, that we must all answer to our names when called. We never turn our backs on Friend or Foe. The Austrian Soldiers, after a recent Battle, when carried to the Hospitals, were turned upon their faces, to have their wounds dressed. We can take no such position. We never allow a fire in the rear. Our kind hearted, sympathizing Surgeon, has given timely notice, that he will dress no such inglorious wounds. The "glorious Scar upon the Brow," would be his only Trophy, as well as our own. We cannot run. We must stand in our lot. We must do or die.

Mr. Chairman, you are overwhelming us with Kindness. Your Hospitality is unbounded. We know this is prompted by your true and friendly impulses, but perhaps you have had an eye to your own safety, and that of your City, in this frank and generous Reception. We certainly came here, to renew, and to strengthen, and to cultivate Friendships, and to draw closer the Bond of Brotherhood between our respective Cities.

But we came here conscious of our strength. We can take Cities, subdue Kingdoms, and perform prodigies of valor generally. It was proposed, while we were on Bunker Hill, that we should take back with us to Hartford, every granite Block of which that Monument is composed, and again erect it on Wyllys's Hill, in place of the noble old Charter Oak that has recently passed away. We could have done it; not a Man of us doubted our ability. You, Sir, and others, who

now sit around these Tables, as you look upon the empty dishes, will admit that since we came into this Hall, we have appropriated to ourselves a Bunker Hill monument of food. You thus have some evidence of our Capacity, but you can hardly imagine what evils might have befallen your beautiful and prosperous City, if we had come down upon you in hostile array.

You have, however, disarmed us. You have given us a view of your inner Life, and we are enchanted. You have made us your Friends forever. We embrace you as Brethren. We shall always retain a pleasant Remembrance of your Courtesy and Kindness. We shall treasure in our Hearts the recollection of this visit to Providence, and, on our return Home, shall wait with impatience for an opportunity to give evidence of our Gratitude, when, as Soldiers, or Citizens, you may hereafter visit our City of Hartford.

A sentiment complimentary to the Artillery of the Marines and the Marine Artillery, which thundered a welcome to the Putnam Phalanx, called up *Lt. Col. Tompkins*, who made a brief and most happy response, concluding with the sentiment—

The True Soldier—Like Israel Putnam—ever ready to do—to dare—to die.

The following sentiment, offered by *Commissary Rodman*, was drank in silence, standing:

The Memory of Barber and Childs—The Infantry mourns the loss of these most popular and efficient Members.

Capt. A. M. Gordon, of the Second Company of the Putnam Phalanx, in allusion to the uniform of the First Light Infantry, offered the following:

The First Light Infantry—We know they are Soldiers—they ought to be Scholars—for they are deeply red and slightly blue.

Shortly after twelve o'clock, the assembled Company rose from the tables, and the Phalanx were escorted to

their Quarters at the Earl House, by their Hosts of the evening.

The Members of the Phalanx take this opportunity to place on permanent Record their unqualified approbation and cordial appreciation of the admirable and effective manner in which all the arrangements for this festive Occasion were conceived and carried out. Nothing seemed wanting. The Entertainment itself was more than elegant. Our Hosts, the First Light Infantry, may well claim to be "an Host in themselves." Our warmest thanks are due to that Galaxy of Ladies who graced the scene with their fair presence; to the distinguished Guests who responded to the invitation and were present to add their words of Welcome and Congratulation; to the American Brass Band, whose most excellent Music added so much to the enjoyment of the evening; and to all, whose efforts were devoted to rendering this the finest Festival of the sort that ever occurred in Providence. The memories of this Evening are among the choicest connected with the entire Excursion.

At half-past eight o'clock on Friday morning the Phalanx, escorted by the Infantry, left their Quarters and marched to Brown University, which they had been invited to visit by the Authorities of that Institution. Upon entering Rhode Island Hall, they were received by the President and Faculty of the University. President Sears, in a most felicitous manner, gave them a cordial Welcome to the Academic Halls. He assured them that they were not strangers here. "Many of your number," said he, "are known to us as public Men, who have been justly honored by being called to important official stations in your own city and State. And we, as

a Literary Institution, have not been slow to observe that you have eloquent Orators and elegant Scholars among the Officers and Members of your Company, exemplifying most appropriately and beautifully the value of that Culture which we aim to reach in our humble labors here. We welcome you as the friends of Learning and the ornaments of Society, who have contributed much to the high reputation of your honored City." Judging from the uniform which the Phalanx so gracefully wore, he thought it would not be unpleasant to them to learn that the Soldiers of the Revolution used their oldest College Edifice for a barrack and hospital. In the name of the Old College, therefore, he would greet them as Brethren of the Revolution of '76.

To this cordial Welcome of President Sears, *Judge Advocate* Stuart responded as follows:

President Sears:—For the truly cordial and complimentary remarks with which you welcome the Putnam Phalanx to these Academic Shades and to this beautiful and suggestive Hall, its Members desire, through me, to return you their warmest thanks.

It is true, Sir, as you remark, that we come here clad in the panoply of the Revolutionary Days. Our Battalion has been formed from the stirring incentive of those Days, and for a high and patriotic End. We desire through our peculiar Dress, and Discipline, and Musical Corps, to revive and strengthen those thoughts and associations which cluster around the great Past of our Liberty. We would fain stimulate the Love of Country. By a contemplation of the toil, and treasure, and blood, which founded our massive Republican Institutions, we would aid in endearing them to the Affection and Reverence of all, and in awakening in all the ambition to emulate the noble Virtues of those venerable Patriots, those great and good Men, whose Souls conceived, and whose stalwart hands worked out the giant problem of American Independence.

For the purpose of kindling anew in our own bosoms the fires of Patriotism, we have ourselves just been on a pilgrimage to Boston and

Bunker Hill—to the Shrines of those illustrious Men, and gallant Soldiers, who there led the van of the American Revolution. And worthy President, a military Battalion though we are, there is nothing incongruous in our standing here in these Halls of Literature and Science. For, in a Republic like our own, founded on intelligence, the connection between the profession of Arms and Knowledge is, or always ought to be, intimate and profound. It was an educated Soldier, Sir, that fought and won our great battles for Independence. The Men who achieved our Victories upon these fields were men who *knew*, knew thoroughly their Rights, and who knowing, dared maintain them. They had enjoyed a long experience of Civilization. They understood its blessings—and in the light of the liberty for which they contended, and which their Valor won, determined to lay broader and deeper than ever before—in Institutions especially of Education—in Literature, in Science, in Art, in Good Morals and Religion—the true foundation-stones of American Prosperity and Glory.

And among our American Institutions of learning, Mr. President, this venerable one over which you so ably preside, has long, our Phalanx is happy to remark, held a conspicuous place—and, Sir, as regards education generally, the State of Rhode Island stands deservedly high. From the epoch of your first Schoolmaster here in Providence—the venerable John Turpin—down to the days of your munificent educational Benefactors, the Almys and the Browns, and the establishment of this your University, and of your admirable system of Public Schools—on, down to the present moment—Education has been with you a pride and a success.

Your People were among the very earliest in the Country to erect, at your Olneyville, a large and complete Paper-mill. Far back as 1762, you established one of the very first Newspapers in the Country—*The Providence Gazette*—that stout organ of Whig principles, and patriotic resolves, during the ever-memorable era of the Stamp Act, and the still more memorable era of the American Revolution. Your Newspapers and Periodicals, many in number, and many of high merit—and grave works in moral and political Science, like those of your profound and venerated Wayland, and in History, like that admirable one of your State by Arnold—have marked the intellectual appetite of your People ever since. All America has studied the Weather, and learned Meteorology, from the earliest among its Almanac-makers,

your own venerable Isaac Bickerstaff. All America, yes, and Europe too, pays homage to the illustrious Painter of Washington, your renowned Gilbert Stuart—fitting compeer that he was, in his beautiful art, for our own immortal Painter of Connecticut—Colonel John Trumbull. And the World will ever know by heart, among the loftiest Heroes of American History, that Officer of the Revolution from your State, accomplished in mind as well as in arms—who wielded the Pen almost as skillfully as he did the Sword—Brigadier General Greene.

Sir, your University has sent forth numberless Sons, who, both at home and abroad, in various portions of our common Country, adorning their educational birth, have rendered conspicuous services in the defence of their Country, and in the cultivation of Literature and Science, and Art. The Putnam Phalanx, let me assure you, rejoices in this fact—and trusts that these Classic Halls will ever continue to furnish, for the pride of your own immediate Community, and for the just boast of your State, thousands more of educated Sons, ready and anxious to do you honor, and to bear away from among the many noble teachings of their *Alma Mater*, as the Inspiration through life of their Patriotism, the proud, undying precept of the old Roman—“*Dulce et decorum est pro Patria mori!*”

In reply, Dr. Sears said that the College could offer but little for their entertainment. Her chief ornament—the many Sons who had gone out from her walls and done her credit in the World—she could not now exhibit. He therefore begged the Commandant to accept a triennial Catalogue and a brief History of the College, and invited the Phalanx to visit the Library and the Grounds.

The Battalion then repaired to the Library where they were courteously received by Reuben A. Guild, the accomplished Librarian of the Institution. A brief period passed here, when the reveille announced the departure of the Corps to the fine lawn east of the College, where a promenade and interchange of courtesies ensued. The College Grounds were crowded with Spectators, and the

Bands meanwhile furnished most excellent music. The Day itself was most delightful, deliciously cool, and bright under the October sun.

The line was formed at half past ten o'clock, and proceeded to the residence of *Mayor Knight*, on High street. The Mansion was thronged with visitors, among whom were many members of the City Council and of the State Government, the *Hon. James F. Simmons*, *Hon. C. C. Van Zandt*, *Captain J. J. Comstock*, many of the general Officers of the Militia of the State, the Officers of the Staff of the Marine Artillery, the Officers of the Staff of the Mechanic Rifles, and the Officers of the Staff of the Pawtucket Light Guard, and many other Gentlemen of Military and Civic distinction. A bounteous and elegant collation was spread in the rear of the Mayor's house, and as soon as the invited Guests had found standing room, his Honor addressed *Major Goodwin* of the Phalanx in a welcome speech, assuring him and his Command of the pleasure and gratification which their visit to Providence had afforded its Citizens, and closing by tendering to the Phalanx the hospitalities due to the occasion and its associations.

At the request of the Major Commandant, *Affiliant Commissary Deming* responded to this brief Welcome :

Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen:—We are met at every step, in this good City of Providence, with such profuse manifestations of good will and Hospitality, that words are hourly growing more and more impotent, to express the sentiments of Gratitude and Obligation with which we are overwhelmed. From the moment of our Arrival, to this, the hour of our Departure, it has been a continuous Ovation, and the increasing schedule of our debtors is becoming burdensome, not only to our sensibilities—grateful and responsive,—but even to the memory. And I have been instructed by our Major Commandant,

to improve this opportunity, while the pleasing Spell is fresh upon us, to offer up the largest Thank-offering of the Putnam Phalanx to the military Companies, public Bodies and Individuals who have participated in this Reception; to the Marine Artillery for the salvo which first welcomed us to your borders; to our especial Hosts the Light Infantry and Old Guard for their unremitting contribution to our honor and enjoyment, and, particularly, for the magnificent Banquet which fittingly crowned the elegant courtesies of yesterday; to your distinguished Men and daily Journals for their ample commendation of our Corps, our City, and our Commonwealth; to President Sears for his invitation to your ancient Seat of Learning, and for the appropriate and cordial Speech which relieved, at once, the diffidence of Soldiers in that chosen Abode of Scholars; to your Citizens generally for their unfaint approbation of our Organization, evinced in private acts and expressions of kindness, as well as in the loud and continuous plaudits, which have attended our March; to yourself, Mr. Mayor, for adding to the eclat of the Excursion by your own appearance, as Soldier, in the ranks of our noble Escort, and for throwing open your doors for our entertainment as Chief Executive of this beautiful City. Moreover, as true and faithful Knights, we vow admiration and loyalty to the charming Ladies of Providence who have loaded us with garlands and bewitched us with their graceful and enthusiastic Welcome.

We long to evince our thankfulness by something more significant than words; we covet the Opportunity of reciprocating these lavish Civilities, and if those to whom we are indebted shall ever visit Hartford, we will grant them the freedom of our Homes and Hearts and decorate them with every insignia of honor in the power of this Battalion to confer.

Various sentiments and brief speeches followed, and an hour or more was passed most agreeably at the tables. The adjoining residence of *Assistant Commissary* Davis was also open, and the Guests of the Mayor availed themselves of this opportunity to pay their respects to Mr. Davis, and were received with elegant Hospitality.

It was expected that the Phalanx would leave Provi-

dence at half-past two o'clock, but intelligence having been received of the intended public Reception of the Battalion on their arrival Home, it was arranged that a special Train should leave Providence at one o'clock in order to arrive before dark at Hartford. This fact having been announced, the visit to *Mayor Knight* was necessarily shortened, and at a little past twelve, both Companies formed in front of his residence and the line of march was taken up for the Depot, his Honor being saluted as the signal of departure with six hearty cheers from the Phalanx.

At the Depot an immense number of People had assembled, and while waiting a short time for the Train, a profusion of splendid bouquets was fairly showered upon the Battalion. They were the gift of Ladies who came in person, with *ex-Mayor Rodman* and many friends, to present them to the Phalanx. The Train moved on amid loud huzzas, and the Corps left the City fully impressed with the now familiar fact, that Providence is one of the most hospitable Cities in New England.

The following are selected from the many flattering notices which were published, during the brief visit of the Phalanx at Providence:

[From the Providence Journal.]

THE PUTNAM PHALANX have made the most favorable impression upon our People. Their peculiar Uniform, carrying us back to the days of the Revolution and associating them with the most patriotic Era of our History, their stirring Music of drums and fifes, their stalwart forms and manly bearing, the venerable locks of their Commander, the portly figure of their Standard bearer, all called forth continual admiration as they marched through the streets lined with Spectators. We do not remember any Military Display that has given more satisfaction in our City.

[From the Prov. Cor. of the Boston Journal.]

No body of Military ever received at the hands of the Militia of Rhode Island such sumptuous entertainment, and such profuse outpouring of Welcome, as has been accorded to the Putnam Phalanx of Hartford during the short visit of the Corps to this City. Everything that a liberal hand could administer has been bestowed upon the gallant Company with the characteristic generosity of Rhode Island Soldiers. The bounteous Hospitality of Boston has been repeated here, and every feature of the Occasion has been carried forward with eminent Success.

On arriving at the Moosup Station, an incident occurred which in its touching simplicity was the most affecting of all that happened during the entire Excursion. Mary Putnam Holbrook, daughter of J. Holbrook, Esq., of Brooklyn, and great-great-grand-daughter of *Gen. Israel Putnam*—an exceedingly pretty and interesting child of fourteen years, was in waiting with a beautiful Wreath with which she desired to crown the Commander of the Phalanx bearing the name of her honored Ancestor. Upon learning the circumstance, the Major Commandant with his Staff and many of the Rank and File assembled upon the platform of the Depot, when the young Lady placed the Wreath upon the neck of the Major Commandant and saluted him with a cordial kiss. The accompanying Note, at the request of the Major Commandant was read by *Judge Advocate Stuart* to the Phalanx:

“Please accept this wreath from a Descendant of *Gen. PUTNAM*. Some of the flowers are fresh from his grave in Brooklyn, eight miles distant.

“*MARY PUTNAM HOLBROOK*, of Brooklyn, Ct.”

Mr. STUART then said:—I am commissioned by the Major Commandant of the Putnam Phalanx to return you, my dear Child, his heart-felt Thanks for this manifestation of your interest in the Battal-

ion which he commands. Some of your Flowers, says the note, "are fresh from the Grave" of Gen. Putnam. Thought touching indeed to the Hearts of us all! This Phalanx has been, Mary, upon a long and delightful Excursion. It has received many and bountiful expressions of the public Regard. Wreaths after Wreaths have been showered upon the brows of its Officers and Soldiers; but no one of them, let me assure you, has been received with emotions so deep as this one with which you have now crowned our veteran Commander.

It comes with peculiar propriety from you, Child—for in your veins flows the blood of that Hero whose great name this Phalanx bears, and whose memory, as one of the most patriotic and gallant Leaders of the American Revolution, it is our purpose to strengthen and perpetuate. He was a Man who ventured everything for his Country. He gave to it, without flint, his blood and his treasure, and we desire that all should love and honor your illustrious Ancestor, sweet Child, as you do.

Again, for our Major Commandant, and for all the Officers and Soldiers of his command, I thank you for this warm-hearted Testimonial of your regard for our happiness and success in the efforts we make to stimulate the noble Love of Country, and to awaken admiration for the heroic Men who achieved that Revolution which made our Land, in the grandest sense of the familiar, but ever endeared and endearing words, emphatically "the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave." *You* certainly show that you feel the force of those sublime Strains which constitute the Inspiration of the imposing Battalion now before you:

"Our native Country, thee—
Land of the noble Free—
Thy Name we love.
We love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
Land where our Fathers died—
Land of the Pilgrim's pride—
From every mountain side
Let Freedom ring!"

And now, in the name and behalf of the Putnam Phalanx, sweet Benefactors, for the salutation which you so handsomely bestowed on our veteran Commander, I return you a parting, cordial kiss. Good bye—God bless you!

In response to this eloquent Address, Mr. Holbrook, father of Miss Mary, said:

It is hardly necessary, *Major Goodwin*, for me, the Father of this little Girl, to apologize for her inability to respond in an appropriate Manner to the feeling and truly beautiful remarks of the Hon. Judge Advocate in behalf of the Battalion. The detention of the Train and the alighting of the Phalanx has taken us entirely by surprise, and we all feel highly honored. As the Train is already "behind time," I will only say that I deeply regret that the Phalanx has no "Daughter of the Regiment" that I might reciprocate the hearty kiss bestowed by your noble and eloquent Judge Advocate. It is hardly possible, however, Sir, knowing what I do of the refined tastes of the individual Members of the Phalanx, to induce me to believe that under any ordinary circumstances, they would be satisfied with this novel process of kissing by proxy. I thank you for your kind Acceptance of my daughter's Tribute to your Battalion, and in her behalf, my own, and of many present, express the warmest wishes for the Success and Prosperity of the Putnam Phalanx.

The whole affair was so unexpected, and yet, of such a moving, tender character, that the feelings of the entire Phalanx and assembled Throng were touched, and the Train moved on amidst mingled cheers and tears. The following touching Lines upon the Event are from the pen of George H. Clark, Esq.:

Flowers from his Grave—and by his Grandchild brought!

What Emblems more could sanctify the Scene?

Then was each Soul with tender Memories fraught,

Evoked by Her who bore that Garland green;

Strong men forgot their boasted Manhood then,

And Eyes that seldom wept, with Tears were dim,—

In War's grim guise her Grandfire conquered men,

She, with these frail Memorials of Him.

Was not his shadowy Presence near her there,

The while she plucked those Leaves and Blossoms wild?

And did not Seraphs, hovering in the air,
 Pronounce a Benediction on the Child?
 They surely did—for, still unseen but seeing,
 The air is rife with their sustaining Power,
 And, all intensified, her sentient Being
 Communed with His in that most Holy Hour.

FROM GRAVE TO GAY.

The *Providence Journal*, in commenting upon this Incident remarks, in a quiet way, as thus:

“In one marked instance, however, Mr. Stuart in speaking for *Major Goodwin*, went quite beyond the line of delegated Duty, and set up for himself, in a manner which, if the Major is the Disciplinarian we take him for, will bring the offender to a Court-martial. It was well enough when Miss Holbrook placed a Wreath on the Commander’s head, and a kiss on his lips, that Mr. Stuart should reply “on behalf of Major Goodwin;” it was well enough when, “on behalf of *Major Goodwin*,” he thanked the Grand-daughter of *General Putnam* for her floral Gift; it was well enough when, “on behalf of *Major Goodwin*,” he told her what a Good Time they had had in Boston and Providence; but when, still further, “on behalf of *Major Goodwin*,” he returned the Kiss on the Lady’s own lips, it seems to us that the indignant Major might well have exclaimed, that however his Judge Advocate might excel him in making Speeches, there were some little things appertaining to his Command that he could attend to himself. We expect to see in the Hartford papers an order for a Court-martial; and although a great deal is doubtless to be said in the way of extenuation, the offence is one that no Commander who has a proper idea of his Duties and his Rights can be expected to overlook.”

At various points on the route homewards the Phalanx was saluted. At Baltic, the Operatives in the immense Mill waved their welcomes from every window, and the arrival of the Train at each Station was the signal for a gathering, and everywhere the Corps was greeted with enthusiasm.

Between Andover and Bolton the Engine gave out and the Train was delayed three hours or more—the *only* annoying circumstance of the entire Excursion. The regular evening Train from Providence came along and brought the Phalanx to Hartford.

THE RECEPTION AT HOME.

The Citizens of Hartford, not unmindful of the Honor conferred upon the City by the distinguished regard with which their "Representative Men" had been received at Boston, Charlestown and Providence, resolved to publicly receive the Phalanx home again in an appropriate and becoming manner. The Affair was almost *impromptu*. Yet, at the time of the expected arrival, at 5.20 p. m., on Friday, Oct. 7th, the Light Guard, under the command of *Capt.* Levi Woodhouse, the Seymour Light Artillery, *Capt.* Horace Ensworth, Commandant, with the Hartford Cornet Band, the Members of the Common Council, and an immense concourse of Citizens were in waiting at the Station to welcome home once more the Phalanx. The prolonged and unaccountable delay of the Train produced much anxiety lest some accident of serious character might have happened, but at last, at eight o'clock, a gun from the Park announced the arrival. The Battalion was received by their Military Escort and marched up Asylum through Trumbull, Church and Main streets to the State House, where a hollow square was formed—the Phalanx in the centre.

It was eminently fitting that our distinguished Fellow-citizen, *Ex-Gov.* Thos. H. Seymour, who but a few weeks before had himself received a Public Reception, after

six years of absence, from his Fellow Citizens—in which Ovation the Phalanx took a prominent part—should now in turn be called upon to welcome home the Phalanx. He was accordingly introduced to the Battalion by *Capt. Ensworth*, and in behalf of the Escort and his Fellow-citizens addressed them.

GOV. SEYMOUR'S WELCOME.

Major Goodwin, and Members of the Putnam Phalanx:—A few weeks since, on my return to this City, I received a most friendly Welcome from a Member of your Corps, in language so eloquent that it forbade a suitable reply on my part.

To-night the circumstances are changed. It is *you* who have come to *us*—for I am again one of the number of your Fellow-citizens—and upon me has fallen the distinguished Honor of receiving you in the heart of our honored City. I welcome you Home in the name and in behalf of the fine Military Escort which has come with you to the place where you now stand; in behalf of the crowd of Citizens you see gathered around you on every side; in the name of hosts of Neighbors and Friends, and of your Fellow-citizens generally—in the name and behalf of all these, I heartily welcome the Phalanx back to Hartford.

We measure Time, it is said, by *Events*, rather than by Hours and Days. Tried by this standard, your visit to Bunker Hill has a deep significance. It is an Event. It has come to be historic; something worthy of all remembrance. You have been there, not as individuals merely, but as a Corps;—you wore the Costume of '76; you bore the honored name of PUTNAM on your Banner; you carried in your bosoms the glorious Memories of the Times in which he lived, and the Scenes in which he was engaged. You were not the mere Spectators of outward and visible things, but you held Communion with the unforgotten Dead. Your visit to the memorable Heights of Charlestown had its fullest effect on you as a Corps. You have been where your Forefathers thrice repulsed the Troops of King George; when glancing your eyes down the slope of that Hill, you felt as they felt, when driving back the Train-bands of the King. You have seen, in spirit, the heroic Fight; you have heard the voice of the Captains, and the shouting. Your feet have pressed the Ground where

Warren fell; where, from the fibrous mould, came up the words of the expiring Martyr:—"It is sweet and pleasant to die for one's Country."

Circumstances like these give to your visit to Bunker Hill the character of an Event, rather than the journey of a Day. We are glad to see you back again. Your Fellow-citizens rejoice to greet the Phalanx on this occasion of their return to the City. They are delighted with the accounts they have received of the never-to-be forgotten visit of the Association to the Shrine of our Country's Independence.

It has pleased your Fellow-citizens to hear of the attentions the Association has everywhere received on their way to and from Boston—of the Welcome extended to the Phalanx by their Honors the Mayors of Boston, and Charlestown, and Providence;—of their meeting with Mr. Everett; of the entertainment given them at Boston by one of their valued Members;—of their Excursion to Providence, and the very cordial Reception they were honored with at that City.

[Gov. S. reiterated the pleasure it gave their Fellow-citizens to see the Corps safely back again. Anxiety had been felt at the failure of the cars to arrive at the hour the Phalanx were expected—an anxiety happily removed at last.]

Major Goodwin, your Fellow-citizens have taken the deepest interest in the journey of your Corps. They have followed your course, and rejoiced at the attentions paid you. I once more welcome you and the Members of the Phalanx to Hartford, a City which is proud of the Corps. Welcome to the scene of your labors and of your triumphs. Long may the Phalanx maintain its present Strength and Organization, honored from year to year with renewed tokens of the Respect and Confidence of their Fellow-citizens.

Major Goodwin called upon *Acting Sergeant Sill* to respond to this Welcome:

SERGEANT SILL'S REPLY.

Sir:—Permit me to tender you the thanks of the Putnam Phalanx for this Welcome home. We return, not with the trophies of War, like the ancient Armies who came home from Conquests with elephants in their train bearing the spoils of conquered Territory and pillaged Cities, but with grateful Hearts and the Victory of Peace. It is said that the Grecians were ten years conquering Troy; but we

have conquered three Cities in less than four days! We have entered their walls, we have sat down and eaten, we have lain down and slept within their Palaces. And we say it with pride, though not boasting-ly, that three Cities have laid down their arms before the victorious Phalanx, and the Charlestown Navy Yard opened wide its gates, though never before invaded by a Military Company.

Yet we return with a sense of pleasure at arriving Home, which our victories elsewhere have not excited, and with a feeling that there is indeed no sweeter place on earth than Home! Therefore it is, that we should be pardoned if we are more grateful for this cordial Greeting by our Friends, than for the attentions paid us elsewhere, and above all we are thankful for this fine Escort, so finely and kindly tendered, and your determination to await our arrival through long and anxious hours, commends your Goodness still more to our Gratitude. We feel grateful that we have, as Representatives of the Citizens of Hartford, achieved a greater Victory by our peaceful Triumphs, than he that goeth forth to Battle. I believe I confine myself to the facts, when I say that we have done more than any other agency, to command Respect for our City from the places we have visited, and to cement the Bonds of Friendship existing between them, making them feel that ours were common wants, common interests and common feelings. We thank you again for your Escort on this occasion, and as we have enjoyed ourselves so well this time, and as it is natural for us to endeavor to enjoy ourselves as much as possible, during the brief space allotted us while here, it is not impossible we may go again to Bunker Hill.

Major Commandant Goodwin advanced with the Wreath of Flowers received at Moosup Station and said:

Fellow-citizens:—A young Lady placed these flowers around my neck—some of them were plucked to-day, from the Grave of *General Putnam*!

Loud cheers were given for Gov. Seymour, the Escort and the Battalion. In response to an enthusiastic call, *Judge Advocate* Stuart came forward and said that he had almost exhausted his voice in responding to the



Welcomes the Battalion had received from the people of Boston, Charlestown and Providence, and in endeavoring to do justice to the local and national subjects which, at Bunker Hill and at Providence, had forced themselves upon the notice of the Battalion. He was happy, however, to respond to the call from his Fellow-citizens and to thank them for this endorsement of their Visit, thereby endorsing the Principles that lie at the Basis of all our Institutions and insure our Prosperity. After the handsome response of *Sergeant Sill*, it was unnecessary for him, he said, to add anything to express the warm appreciation of the Battalion for this spontaneous Welcome of their Fellow-citizens. He trusted that the Phalanx in their Journeyings had been properly representative of the City and had reflected Honor upon the Old Charter Oak State.

In response to a call, *Assistant Commissary Deming* said that it would afford him great pleasure under more favorable circumstances, to give his Fellow-citizens an account of the Reception the Battalion had met with in the Metropolis of New England, and in the hospitable City of Providence. But, although such a narrative might be gratifying to those who had staid at home, it would be wearisome to the Battalion. The Phalanx have already informally resolved to put upon record, in some permanent shape, an Account of their memorable Expedition, and the curiosity of those who wish to hear of it will be probably gratified.

Major Goodwin here called on the Battalion for three cheers for the Citizens of Hartford, which were given with a will; then, escorted by the two Companies, the Phalanx marched to the City Hall, where, after a few

words of commendation and congratulation, the Chaplain, *Rev. Asher Moore*, offered a Prayer of Thanksgiving and the Phalanx was dismissed.

[From the Hartford Daily Times.]

RETURN OF THE PUTNAM PHALANX

FROM THEIR EXCURSION TO BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE.

Come back,—come back to us,
Nor longer seek to roam;
We've heard your Welcome from afar,
And give the Welcome home!
We watch'd you as you went
With martial step and eye,
Your gorgeous Banner floating out
Upon the autumnal Sky.

Your Leader at your head,
Alert, erect and bold,
As tho' his threescore years and ten
Had scarcely half been told:
Your ancient Plumes we mark'd,
And glittering in the Sun,
The Costume of our blessed Sires
Who stood with Washington.

You've been at Bunker Hill,
But not the foe to meet,
And win that blood-bought victory,
The Britons call'd *defeat*.
Saw ye that Hero's form
In glorious vision there,
Whose Name is graven on your shield?
Whose Banner-staff ye bear?

And heard ye not his Voice
That ruled the battle dread,
Still echoing from that lofty Shrine,
Where sleep the patriot Dead?
Charging your Phalanx fair
In every change to be

The Bulwark of its Native Land,
For Law and Liberty?

You've fought *his* classic dome,
Whose eloquence sublime
Doth make Mount Vernon and its lord
A theme throughout our Clime.
Your Demosthenean power
Made his high spirit leap,
Whose jewel'd Memory link'd with theirs,
Unswerving Fame shall keep.

Thanks, Athens! for the cheer
You on our Braves bestow'd,
Thanks, sister Rhoda! for the smile
That o'er your features glow'd.
A Mother for her sons
Treasuring all Honor shown,
Connecticut with added Pride,
Thus welcomes back her own.

L. H. S.

Friday Evening, 8 o'clock, Oct. 7, 1859.

[From the Hartford Daily Times.]

THE RETURN.

IO TRIUMPHE! The Phalanx forever!
Unfurl your proud Flag to its own native breezes;
Let the Cynic who sneered at your early endeavor,
In this Hour of Fruition still sneer if he pleases;
And let the dull Fogies and mortified Croakers
Persist in their futile attempts to be witty—
They're subjects themselves for more jubilant jokers
Who show the unfortunate Victims no pity.

IO Triumphe! The Phalanx, victorious,
Returns from its foray in foreign Plantations,
And meets with such Greeting and Welcome, uproarious,
As thrills ev'ry Soul with delicious sensations.

